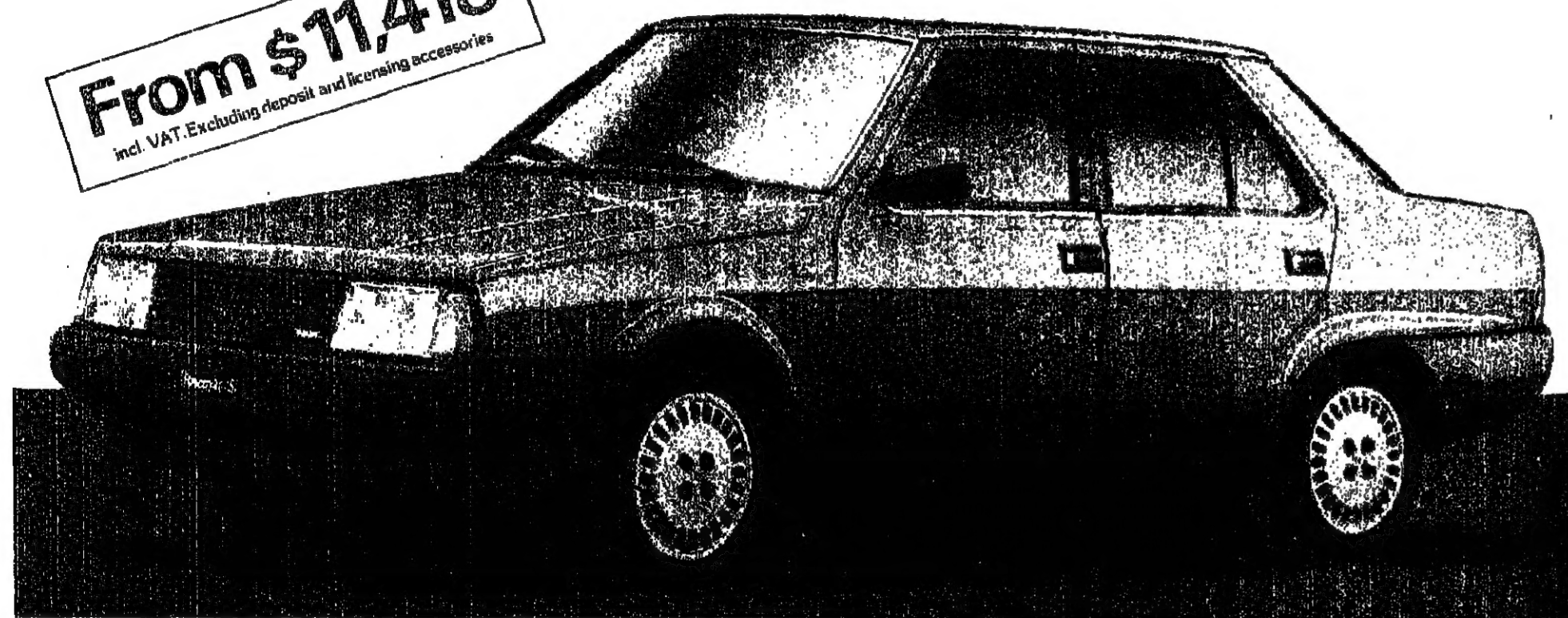


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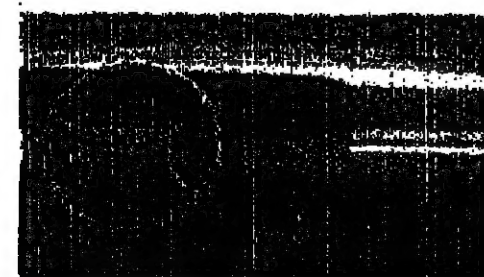
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Border problems

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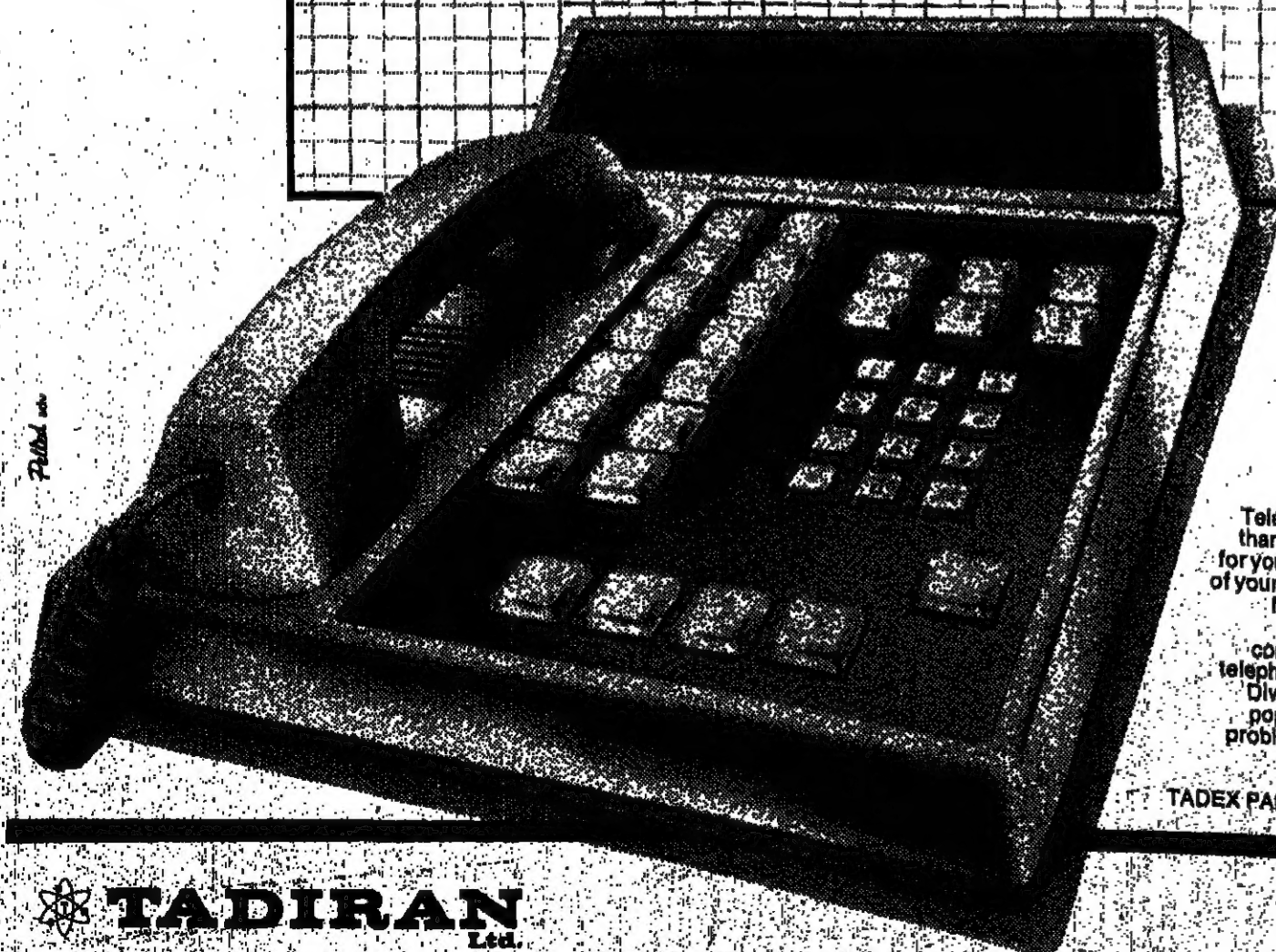
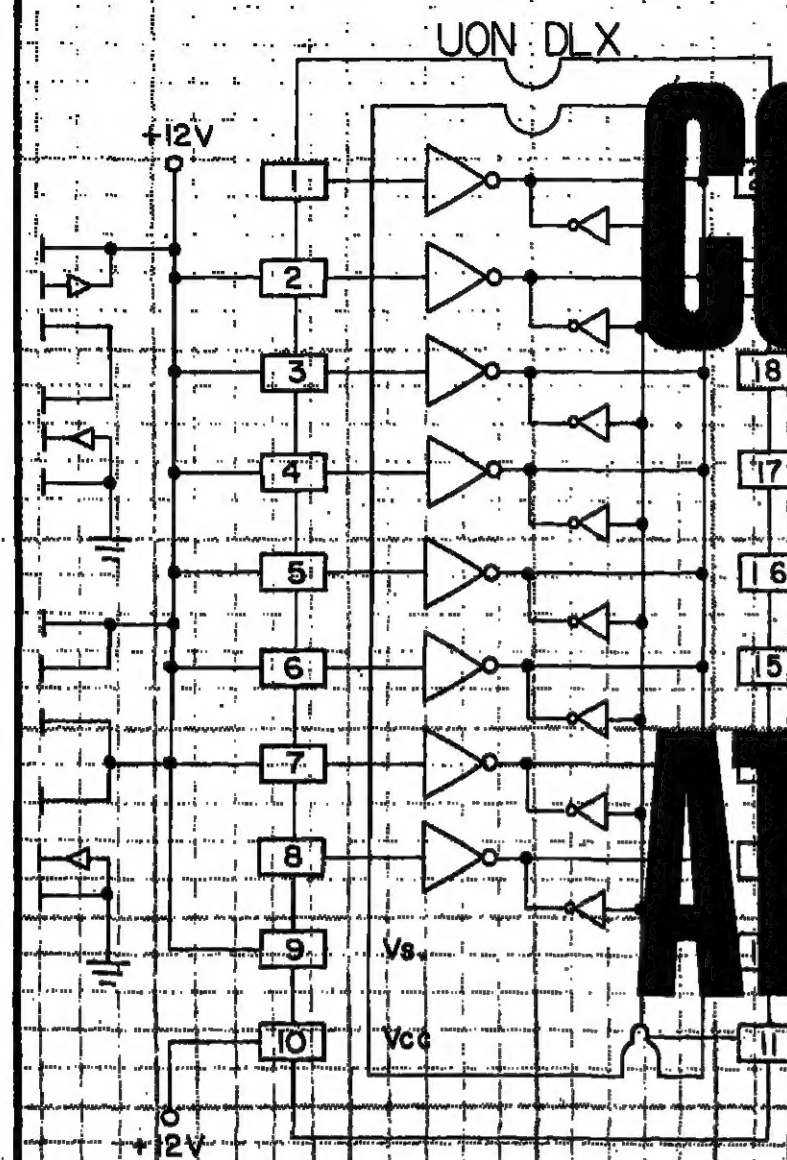
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On the cover: Residents of Gaza (Shalom Bar-Tal), Story P.4.

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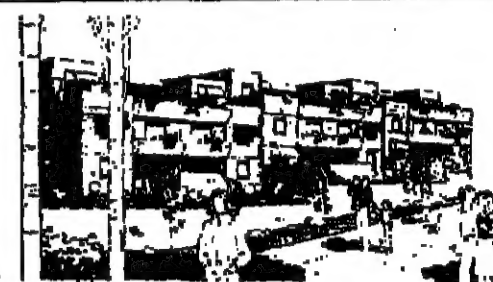
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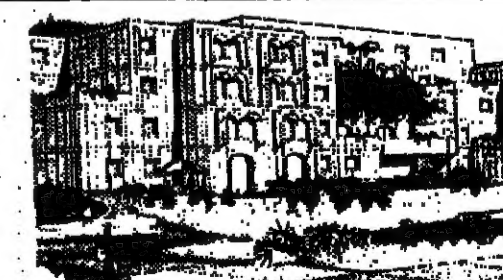
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THE TOWN of Rafah in the Gaza Strip is like any other in the area: squalid, brown mud houses set along avenues of ancient trees, interspersed with the thatched stalls of vegetable vendors. Buses and donkeys jostle for passage along the narrow, potholed strip of tar that leads to the heart of the city.

The main street of Rafah, too, is like any other in the Strip. Stores display a preponderance of plastic goods in the brightest colours, and spring lamb hangs in the open-air butcher shops, fleeced, quartered and covered in flies. This does not appear to cause consternation to the haggling customers, who accept the flies as complacently as they accept so much about their day-to-day existence.

But the main street of Rafah comes to a sudden end. Almost without warning, barbed-wire barricades cut across the rows of shops, and paths of soft sea sand have been neatly raked between the fences, presumably to detect the footprints of those trying to cross illegally. One of the fences is electrified.

These fences, which bisect Rafah, are the result of peace with Egypt. The locals, most of whom have family and many of whom have property on the other side of the border that was supposed to have brought them peace, accept their new situation with equanimity, and have surmounted its limitations with ingenuity.

Gazans are used to seeing foreign armies come and go, and with each new army comes a new set of rules that are to be taken advantage of if beneficial, and circumvented if not.

At the top of the divided road, a gate allows passage to about 300 authorized Gazans who have legitimate business on the other side. Only about 70 take advantage of the privilege; the others are presumably intimidated by the paper work and security checks involved.

For the rest of the divided population of Rafah, the only way to communicate with relatives and former neighbours on the other side is to stand as close as possible to the outer limits of the fence and yell.

The scene is surrealistic. Women in black garb, students with books under their arms, and well-dressed businessmen, all standing in line, shout and listen at the same time, always unsure if what is being yelled back is indeed the answer to their own question or message.

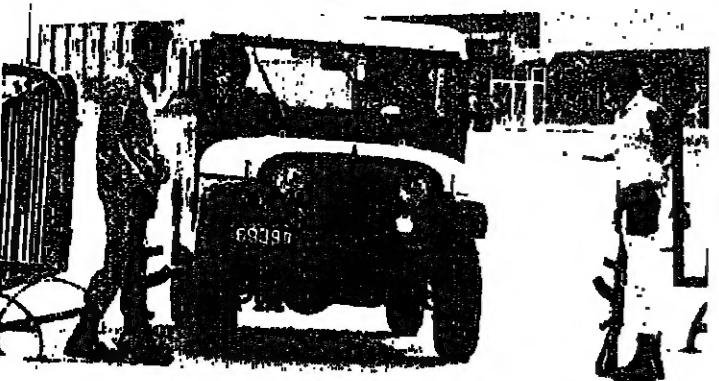
Many ears listen to the babble or conversation for, although the border is defined as a Peace Border in the official Israeli lexicon, there is tension between the two sides. The assumption is that there is information of operational and intelligence value among the half-finished sentences being shouted back and forth.

The fence is also a meeting place for smugglers, although they have refined the art of communication to suit the requirements of their trade. They write times and dates on scraps of paper and wrap them around rocks, which they then hurl over the three fences and two patrol roads that divide Egypt and Israel at peace.

The ingenuity of these smugglers, who deal mainly in gold, is boundless. Last week a 60-metre tunnel was discovered. Parts of the underground passage had been paved with stone. A water pipe connecting the city was used as a conduit for chunks of gold, sacks of hashish and probably money and weapons for terrorists, until the system was exposed.

At the time of the peace talks, Israeli delegates did their best to prevent Rafah being divided. They offered to include the whole town in

Living with a warped peace



An Israeli Police Jeep passes through Egyptian border control at Rafah.

Herish Goodman

Israeli-controlled territory, or else give it all to the Egyptians. Rafah was one of the last issues — together with Tabat and 12 other, less important, points along the border — to be settled before Sinai was evacuated.

The Egyptians were immovable on the issue. They insisted that the border run where international decree had placed it; they wanted no more and no less than what had been promised at Camp David.

The fact that over 5,000 people would be separated from their families and fields on the Israeli side of the border was, apparently, of less consequence than the need to sanctify the international boundaries, those lines drawn up by long-forgotten committees more partial to political than human considerations.

Rafah is only one story in the Gaza Strip, only one aspect of the warped peace that exists between Israel and Egypt.

WITH EACH VISIT to the Strip I become more confused over why Israel wants the place at all. Not that there is anyone else willing to take it at present.

Only 360 square kilometres in area, Gaza, with a population of 490,000, is one of the most densely inhabited areas on earth. And over 50 per cent of the population is under the age of 14. This, we are told, is another world record, although the good news is neutralized by the demographic implications.

The economy of the Strip is based mainly on agriculture and labour exported to Israel — some 40,000 Gazans every day.

The social responsibilities that come with the control of Gaza are awesome. Almost half the population, 230,000 people, are refugees, living under squalid conditions in

few refugees have taken advantage of the offer, apparently intimidated by the PLO, which prefers the Palestinians to remain in camps, for both symbolic and operational reasons.

EXPERTS PREDICT that terror inside Israel proper and exported to Israel from the Strip will become an increasing problem, both because of the social conditions there, and the PLO's political needs.

The bus hijacking incident last month, for which both what is left of Yasser Arafat's Fatah and the Democratic Front have taken credit, is considered an indicator of things to come.

Unable to operate over the Jordanian or Lebanese border and faced with a tightly patrolled and radar-monitored maritime border, as well as effective Israeli defences of Israeli objectives abroad, logic dictates that the PLO will concentrate its efforts in areas receptive to the goals of Palestinian terror.

And there is no more fertile ground for terror than Gaza. Adjacent to the Egyptian border, where the few Egyptian policemen allowed in the area demarcated as a military-free zone by the Camp David accords, are incapable of preventing the infiltration of either terrorist personnel or weapons as the Jordanians, Gaza is an easier target area for contact than anywhere else in Israel.

Though the Southern Command, militarily responsible for the area, has gone to endless trouble to close off the border without Egyptian cooperation, a hermetic seal is impossible, as any military spokesman is quick to point out. Patrol rounds, electronic fences, barbed wire and other measures have all combined to make it difficult, but not impossible, to infiltrate.

Over 60 infiltration attempts have been recorded over the past nine months, and even the most optimistic officer admits that the figure represents only known attempts. A good percentage of those crossing the border were apprehended, and those who did manage to get through must have had something to do with the 63 terror incidents recorded over the same period.

Many of those crossing are doing so for more mundane reasons than terror. Some are Beduin from the Sheikh Sued, El-Arish area looking for work in Israel, the economic realities of the Egyptian return to these places being far different from the milk-and-honey expectations voiced by locals in the months prior to the Israeli withdrawal. Others are smugglers, said to be doing a good trade in spare car parts, gold and drugs, but, one can assume, not averse to carrying weapons, ammunition, instructions, money and explosives over the Israeli network of defences for a consideration.

But terror is not the main thing on the minds of the Israeli military officials responsible for peace on Israel's southern front. The problem of individual infiltration is not a threat to Israel's security, and the border, despite its 250-km. length, topographical variety and vulnerability to small-scale infiltration, is protected by a network of safeguards that preclude a surprise attack.

The increasingly real problem, in the strategic sense, is what is happening inside Egypt, far away from the front.

ISRAELI OFFICIALS are viewing with mounting concern a systematic buildup of the Egyptian military, both from a quantitative and qualitative point of view. By the end of next

year, the Egyptian army will have grown to 12 divisions — a net increase of 20 per cent in size.

More important, most of its infantry divisions will be mechanized; most of its equipment will be front-line Western equipment; its air force will have been revamped with F-16 and F-4 fighters; its military industries will be on the way to manufacturing an Egyptian fighter and an Egyptian tank; improved Hawk anti-aircraft missiles will be operational and a two-army military infrastructure will have been prepared on the eastern side of the Suez Canal.

The Egyptian effort, at tremendous expense to the Egyptian economy, cannot logically be explained as being pointed in any direction other than Israel. Not that the Egyptians intend going to war, but the possibility cannot be excluded that if the political circumstances change, Cairo would retain the military option.

The 750 new M-60A-3 battle tanks, the 1,200 M-113 armoured personnel carriers, the American and French aircraft that have joined the older Migs constantly being refurbished by the Chinese and the North Koreans, and all the other segments of Egypt's new army are being impressively held together by a battle-control and communications system unlike anything the Egyptians have known before.

Western observers have been impressed by the level of maneuvers. "They have used the benefits of peace well to prepare," a senior Israeli general mused on the subject the other day, not without a touch of professional admiration.

A HELICOPTER ride from Rafah in the north to Tabat in the south along the border that separates the two nations — at peace, but both assuming the worst — gives a small indication of what this mutual suspicion is costing each country.

Apart from the fences around the Gaza Strip, a road that must have cost millions of dollars has been forged through the western Negev to facilitate border patrols. A parallel road is being built on the Egyptian side.

In contrast to the blocked avenues of the normalization that was supposed to have cemented the peace process, avenues for military use have been paved with an efficiency uncharacteristic of either side.

Islands of men stationed on desert hills along the border face each other, much as they did before the Sinai was returned in exchange for peace. Here and there antenna dot the skyline, and divisions of armour that can be dispatched to the battlefield in a few hours wait in stored readiness for the worst to happen.

As if to accent the suspicion that is so characteristic of the peace between Israel and Egypt, units of the multinational force are there, watching both sides watch each other. Its members are friends of both countries, but they represent nations that have shown little more than ambivalence in the face of a sorry truth: that the peace they are supposed to be protecting has greatly deviated from the true meaning of the word. Almost all that is left is a military situation that can, perhaps, preserve the existing state of non-belligerence.

As the peace grows colder, the people of Rafah will have to shout harder to make themselves heard over the constantly rising barricades that have cut their city in two. And the fences continue south through Tabat, flanked on either side by the blacktop roads that serve the armies of nations at peace.

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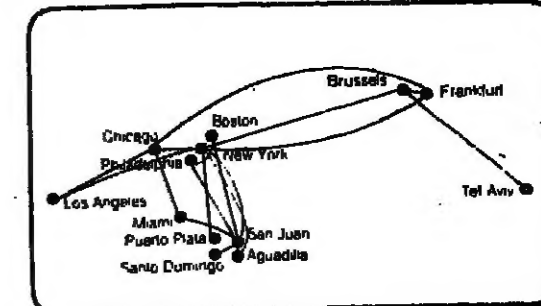
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مركز من الرحيل

ARE THINKERS crazy? Rabbi Moshe Levinger seems to have proved, in the last 16 years, that men of action can be crazy too. Levinger is the man who began the political settlement of the West Bank, and it was his actions that dictated the methods, the aspirations, the definition of the enemy and the rules of the game in that war.

Hundreds of politicians and rabbis more prestigious than he have come and gone in the annals of the State of Israel in these 16 years without leaving a mark, but Levinger has left a deep, probably indelible impression on this country. What he began with that small, almost attractive deceit on the eve of Pessah 1968 would evolve into a murderous underground, led by a crazed messianism, with well-laid plans for large-scale slaughter.

This week I asked one of the leaders of Gush Emunim, who were shocked by the underground's ideas, how he would describe Levinger. Levinger is a clinical problem, he said. He was almost certainly right. History has known not a few such people who achieved prominence. People who shook off restraints; people burning with their own vision; eccentrics. The alien spirit that took hold of them gave them the strength and determination to lead. It also freed them from the constraints of conventional moral norms.

From a political point of view, people like that can live in another world and still be seasoned politicians. Levinger instinctively understood post-1967 Israeli politics, the messianic way awaiting someone to ride it, and the weakness of the last Alignment governments. He knew how to manipulate the Alignment. Perhaps this is why he never tired of wooing Labour Party members, even when they were voted out of office; during internal meetings of the settlers, he spoke of them nostalgically. "This is one of the issues on which he was consistent all along," one of his friends told me.

In an unbalanced family, the most unbalanced was Aunt Neuberger, who from the mid-Thirties until the early years of the state was a familiar figure as she marched through the Jerusalem streets, declaiming messianic letters from Solomon to Shulamit. Kasher Le'ehad - "a bond of unity" - was her loudly proclaimed aim, and this was the name by which she came to be known as children mocking her cry gave warning of her approach.

Kasher Le'ehad was the sister of mathematics professor Avraham Halevi Frankel, who was an eccentric genius in his own right. Another sister, Tirza, married Eliezer Levinger, a nerve specialist from Munich. He was an ultra-Orthodox Jew, active in the Aguda's Ezra youth movement. The family immigrated to this country in 1933.

The ultra-Orthodox yekkes were regarded in Jerusalem as very unusual birds. They upheld the writings of Samson Raphael Hirsch, but acquired a secular education, wore modern clothes and tucked their peyot behind their ears (these were called yekkish peyot).

When they arrived in Jerusalem, they couldn't settle down in the ultra-Orthodox neighbourhoods, the hasidic courts or the Lithuanian yeshivas of the Eastern European immigrants. Most of them lived and earned their living among secular Jews and sent their children to the Horev School, which was less "black" than the ultra-Orthodox institutions, but regarded the pupils of the rival Mizrahi school, Bema'ala, as semi-atheists. "Partial believers" (i.e., in the existence of God) was

The politics of fanaticism



the mocking term Horev pupils used for their Bema'ala counterparts.

Moshe Halevi Levinger was born in Jerusalem in 1935. His parents sent him, as a matter of course, to Horev, where Shimon Shamir (today a professor) was his classmate. A neighbour of the same age recalls that all the boys in the family were considered strange, but Moshe was the strangest. He was a sickly child, and missed school for long periods. He spent a good deal of time in a Swiss sanatorium.

His elder brother, Ya'acov Levinger, professor of Jewish thought at Tel Aviv university, says there is some truth in this account, but declines to go into details.

In an interview with the religious weekly, *Face to Face*, Dr. Eliezer Levinger said of his son: "Moshe was never a hero physically, but from his youth it was clear that he was a man

Nahum Barnea

of spiritual standing, energetic, persevering and diligent. He was small and weak, and wanted to underline his refusal to give into his size."

"My father was a charismatic figure," says Professor Levinger. "He was the first head of the Ezra Party in Germany. Prof. Baruch Kurzweil said that he was a legend in Germany." The professor was able to tell me about one of his father's public activities as a medical practitioner in Israel: he fought every attempt to raise - by means of fake accidents - the percentage of disability claimed by Jews filing for compensation under the reparations agreement with Germany. He had a big fight over this with Levi Eshkol,

said his son, but he staved off the danger of the Germans sending their own doctors to Israel to examine those seeking reparations.

The Levingers lived in a large apartment at 12 Ussishkin Street, in the heart of Rehavia. Supreme Court Justice Heshin was a neighbour and Prof. Moshe Rachmilevitz lived opposite. I managed to locate two residents of adjoining apartments. They remember Levinger senior as a tough man, pedantic, Prussian. There are differences of opinion about the mother, who bore her husband four daughters and four sons. One of the sisters went to Kibbutz Hafez Haim; two are teachers; the youngest brother, Hanania, is a Tel Aviv lawyer.

The oldest brother, Israel-Bar, is a veterinarian and a rabbi. He emigrated to Germany and, after serving as rabbi in Cologne for several

years, settled in Baden, Switzerland. Several years ago he converted to Catholicism, an unbalanced conversion to a man who in January this year shot and killed a lecturer at the Martin Luther Jewish Studies Institute in Cologne.

Professor Levinger says that this brother is the world's greatest expert on *shochet* and his reason for leaving Israel was that "the corruption in matters of *shechita* among rabbis in Israel is so great that he could have nothing to say to them. I am convinced," he said, in an interview published a year ago in *Hamon*, the weekly supplement of *Al Hanihsim*, "that he did it according to his beliefs, for the sake of heaven."

In the same interview, Ya'acov said of Moshe: "He's not at all nationalistic, he's not wild at all; he doesn't hate the Arabs at all. He once told me that it weren't for our obligations to settle all parts of the Land of Israel, he would support the views of Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowitz." (He was referring to the militant Orthodox Jewish slave.)

MOSHE STUDIED at Bnei Akiva yeshiva in Kfar Hatorah and at Yeshiva Hadarom, after which he joined the Nahal military settlement programme. He once boasted in an interview that he had spent his Nahal days on patrol. The truth is that most of his service was spent at ultra-Orthodox kibbutzim such as Sha'alim and Hakez Haim. Afterwards, he studied at the Mercaz Harav yeshiva, with teachers like the late Rabbi Zvi Yehuda Kook and the present Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi Avraham Shapiro.

The Mercaz Harav yeshiva gave Moshe two important things: a political frame of mind, and friends. There he met Eliezer Waldman and Dov Lior, who both later became heads of the Kiryat Arba yeshiva, as well as being Levinger's overt and covert allies in a number of his activities. Not only Levinger's son-in-law was arrested in the current underground affair; a relative of Waldman was also arrested.

Waldman has expressed only mild reservations about the underground's activities. He took part in the recent meeting between settlement leaders and the prime minister. When he left the meeting, he learned that Levinger had been called in for further questioning, and there were rumours that he was about to be arrested. "They can arrest anyone," Waldman said. "They can arrest me, too." I asked him if he thought there was anything wrong in what had been done to Levinger. "No," he replied.

Levinger's Jerusalem period also led to his marriage. Miriam Levinger came from a hasidic family which immigrated to the United States from Hungary. Today she refuses to talk to journalists about her life. In better days, she used to talk about her youth in America.

Her two older brothers made their living from night clubs. When she was 14, they used to take her to the clubs, where she learned about emptiness and materialism. At the age of 18, she came to Israel and studied nursing at the religious Sha'arei Zedek Hospital. She met Levinger through friends, not via a matchmaker. She has borne him 11 children.

"My job," she said, "is to make things easy for my husband and to work at the task assigned to me by the Torah." She admitted to one gossip columnist that she lacked any esthetic sense. "My daughters are filling this vacuum," she said.

Perhaps SHE is partly responsible for the fact that Levinger is the most slovenly figure in the territories; his white shirt filthy and his jacket

wrinkled and dusty. But maybe it's all part of the image of an ascetic to whom nothing matters but the glory of the Jewish people. His dishevelled appearance won him the comment by *Newsweek* that "had he lived in an earlier era, he would have been considered a prophet."

The Levingers lived on Kibbutz Lavi for four years, until 1966. Levinger worked as a shepherd and a rabbi. His term as a rabbi was punctuated by quarrels, and his wife wanted to leave the kibbutz. So when he was offered the job of rabbi at Moshav Nahalim near Petah Tikva, the family lost no time and made the move. But life wasn't so serene at Nahalim either. Levinger declared the methods of the local *shochet*, a man named Fogel, invalid. The *shochet* sued him in the Petah Tikva rabbinical court; Levinger demonstrated his defiance by refusing to appear. The affair eventually wound up in the Supreme Court.

LEVINGER WAS 32 at the outbreak of the Six Day War. He was not called up, and stayed at home. Later, when the border was opened, he went to Hebron. "My visit to Hebron stirred up a storm inside me that did not abate for weeks," he said. He wanted to bring the people who had lived in Kfar Etzion to settle in the Etzion bloc (which fell to Jordan in 1948). His wife refused; she couldn't stand kibbutz life.

Levinger approached a number of young people he had known at Mercaz Harav and in other religious circles and proposed that they settle in Hebron. The preparations lasted several months, from Hanukka to Pessah.

On the eve of Pessah 1968, Moshe Dayan was in hospital after being seriously injured during an archaeological dig. The government was licking the wounds incurred during its unsuccessful reprisal action at Karamet. The coordinator of operations in the territories, Shlomo Gazit, was in mourning for his father. The military government was paralysed.

Levinger booked rooms at the Park Hotel in Hebron in order to hold a Seder there. The hotel owner, Fahd Kwasmeh, agreed, never dreaming that the guests were coming to stay.

In Hebron, Levinger formulated a number of the tactics that served the cause of settlement in the territories and the struggles of Gush Emunim over the years. Dayan tried to throw them out of town, but Levinger got the better of him, largely by manipulating two factors: the media, whose mentality he knows very well, and the political system.

Danny Rubinstein of *Davar*, who was often critical of Levinger and his comrades, says that he nevertheless was always well received by Levinger, who never tired of pointing out to him every mezuzah put up in Hebron.

Israel Television was an even more welcome guest. When Levinger sought to prevent the army evicting him or prepared to implement another step in the Judaization of Hebron, he would don his *tallit*. The picture of a bearded rabbi, wrapped in his prayer shawl, being dragged away by soldiers was something no government could stomach - not even a Jewish government.

In the political field, Levinger was aware of all the rifts. He was aware of the rift between the younger and older elements in the National Religious Party, and the much more important rift between Moshe Dayan and Yigal Allon in the top government leadership. In photos from Hebron, Levinger looks like the hysterical victim of military violence; in ministerial offices he seemed like a



Miriam Levinger and one of the couple's 11 children. (Below left) The rabbi explains building work in Hebron to Deputy Prime Minister David Levy. (Right) Levinger reports to police headquarters in Jerusalem, where he is still being held.



Jesuit priest, clear-headed and ready to do business. Allon was seeking to promote his plan, which included, in its eastern side, a Jewish settlement east of Hebron. And he was seeking to undermine Dayan's authority. Dayan, who supported settlement in the Etzion bloc, sought to preserve his special relationship with Hebron Mayor Mohammed Ja'abari.

And Levinger was a walking provocation to the elderly mayor. He moved out of the hotel into the military government building, and immediately set up a so-called yeshiva there. In the territories, a yeshiva is more of a hotel than a place of study. No one knew just who was studying at Levinger's yeshiva, and how many permanent settlers there were in the military government building. Later, Levinger tried to find work for his students. Gradually he began to receive funds from the military government for all kinds of relief work.

The building, a military camp and prison, was a hard place to raise children in, and so it was decided that structures for the settlers would be erected in the courtyard. But here, too, the situation became intolerable, and after two years, with the strong backing of Yigal Allon, the government approved the construction of a small settlement near Hebron. That is how Kiryat Arba was established.

I once asked Allon why he had brought people like Levinger and Benny Katzover into Hebron. "How could we have known then what Levinger and Katzover would become?" Allon countered. Allon, it would seem, saw Levinger as a means, nothing more. Levinger had the same view of Allon. It was the classic alliance between horse and rider, except that each man thought he was the rider.

IN INTERVIEWS from that period, Levinger speaks of building a Jewish quarter beside Hebron as his "main demand." For a while, he forgot the dream of Judaizing Hebron itself. But it's only a tactical lapse of mem-

his starting point, he had everything worked out.... I was surprised by his arrest; I didn't think he was so deeply involved."

Was he likeable? "Not at all. But he knows how to express himself. He also knows how to convince you on a one-to-one basis. But in front of a large audience, he's outwardly repellent. Words get stuck in his throat."

What was his attitude towards the Arabs? "He has no attitude. They didn't count for him. The fact that there are Arabs is, in his view, an accident."

Was he afraid? "He had no fear in him. Once he visited Ja'abari. Do you know what it was then, to enter Ja'abari's house? He told him what he thought of him and left. Ja'abari didn't even throw him out. No one throws Levinger out."

Did he carry a weapon? "Never. He would walk through the casbah without any trouble. The Arabs were afraid of him."

Did he have a messianic image among the Kiryat Arba group? "Not he. Waldman and Lior are the messianic types. Levinger was only interested in resettling Hebron."

THE YOM KIPPUR war gave birth to Gush Emunim. The Gush secretariat comprises many of Levinger's disciples, among them people like Benny Katzover and Menahem Felix, who were with him from the start in Hebron. A large number of those arrested in the underground affair made their way from Levinger to key positions in Gush Emunim and the settlements. Others remained with Levinger in Hebron the whole time.

At the high points of Gush Emunim's activities, Levinger would suddenly take centre stage. This is what happened in Sebastia; he met with Defence Minister Shimon Peres and afterwards tipped his shirt, the signal for mass hysteria. Peres called him "Napoleon," but in the end he gave in, the way they all did.

Levinger also showed up in Yamit on the eve of the withdrawal, exercising a moderating influence on the apocalyptic mood that had seized Gush Emunim.

"He has," said one of those present with him during the struggle over Yamit, "an outstanding ability to lead. He latches on to the main point and concentrates on it alone. He understands a subject and goes with it. But he has no organizational ability, no long-term political thinking."

The high point of Yamit hid the decline in his stature. The institutionalization of Gush Emunim had left him on the sidelines. An ascetic prophet in a remote town in Judea, he rejected the organizational tools his comrades to the north were constructing.

"He didn't feel comfortable in the Judea and Samaria settlement council," one of his opponents said. "Some of the people didn't speak his language. Suddenly he was just an ordinary person. When someone didn't accept his way of thinking, he couldn't stand it."

What was his way of thinking? "He saw everything in terms of whether it elevated or debased the Jewish people. He didn't understand that there are other issues that must be dealt with."

In April 1979, Levinger's supporters infiltrated Beit Hadassah in central Hebron by a subterfuge. To prevent their expulsion, they took up positions in the obstetrics and pediatrics wing.

The afternoon papers responded

approvingly. So did Ariel Sharon. He attended the bar mitzva of one of Levinger's sons at Beit Hadassah. "Jewish life in Hebron won't lead to increased tension between Arabs and Jews," Sharon said. "Quite the contrary."

The government dragged out the decision on evacuating the building until, after 14 months, a terrorist attack provided them with a way to give in. Terrorists attacked settlers by the entrance to Beit Hadassah, causing the death of six of them. The funeral was a pretext for a small pogrom in the centre of town. A week later came the attack on the mayors.

IT CANNOT REASONABLY be assumed that the underground was born out of frustration; not frustration over government failure to protect the settlers, but frustration over the limited dimensions of the settlement enterprise.

Levinger could, perhaps, have survived somehow by occupying one Hebron ruin after another, one Arab apartment after another. His disciples sought speedier solutions. Levinger imbued them with an ideology that could form the basis for horrendous plans.

"Anyone who tries to deny the Jewish national state is a fifth column," he told *Ha'aretz*. "When we knew our own strength, the gentiles didn't rebel... The Arab is interested in his prayer mat and his home. The 'national rights of the Palestinian people' is a Jewish invention." Speaking about Arab construction in Hebron, he quoted Kings I, 21:19, "Have you killed and also taken possession?"

Esther Ohana from Beit She'an was killed by stones thrown on the Beersheba-Hebron road near Dahariya. At a gathering held at the site, Levinger demanded the death penalty for every Arab who kills a Jew.

"Blood for blood," he promised. If the government didn't respond adequately, he threatened, the settlers would. "Otherwise, we will have violated the command, 'You shall not stand idle by the blood of your neighbour.'"

Whether or not Levinger is brought to trial in the affair of the underground, he gave voice to the defence's anticipated stand in the days preceding his arrest. It will be a political trial: the State of Israel will be the accused. The charge: failure to safeguard the settlers' security. The underground arose for lack of an alternative. This line of defence may not save the murderers in the underground from life imprisonment, but it will speak to the hearts of many Israelis. After all, we're only talking about Arabs - or, as Levinger calls them, gentiles.

The Gush Emunim establishment is strongly against this line of defence. A majority, from Hanan Porat to Israel Harel, have strongly condemned the underground and the ideas that inspired it. Harel even compared it to Sabbateanism, which caused Orthodox Jewry to oppose Zionism and fear it even more than it feared the Nazis. Levinger has found himself alone again, or almost alone. Most of his supporters are in jail.

On the eve of his detention, he spoke arrogantly to a visitor.

Maybe he wanted to join his friends in jail; maybe he was pleased that he had again returned solo to centre stage. As he had fought and defeated governments and the IDF, so he would fight the General Security Services and the court, and would drag Gush Emunim after him, down into the depths.

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AS ISRAEL's political system shifts more and more towards a local variation of a two-party system, the two major blocs - Labour and the Likud - seem to have become locked in the embrace of their professional politicians who are determined to keep out whatever charismatic personalities still remain on the scene.

This is true of Ezer Weizman and Shmuel Tamir, the perennial mavericks on the Right, who were prevented from rejoining Herut following the political demise of their arch-nemesis, Menachem Begin.

On the Left, the dominant personality for whom no room was found on the Labour list for the 11th Knesset is Arye (Lova) Eliav. At a meeting with Labour Chairman Shimon Peres several weeks ago, Eliav was told in no uncertain terms that there was simply no room for him on the list which was finally hammered out by the party's four top leaders last week.

He has since begun organizing his own list - an unabashedly personal one - whose purpose is simply to get Eliav into the Knesset and permit him then to join the Alignment on his own terms, fortified with the backing of the minimum of close to 20,000 votes needed to cross the threshold for the distribution of Knesset seats.

What Tamir, Weizman and Eliav have in common is that they were among the very small number of talented members of the second generation of up-and-coming leaders in their respective parties who were impatient enough to challenge the top leadership - prematurely, as it turns out - and lose.

Having lost, they were relegated to a political limbo for years. Now that the original generation of leaders has passed on they have been tempted once again to try to make it to the top in their respective parties. But the present leaders of Herut and Labour, who had the restraint to wait for the demise of the first generation without rocking the boat, are determined to keep the inheritance to themselves. They went to heroic lengths to keep out the maverick challengers despite the assertion of the latter that they could attract many additional votes to their lists.

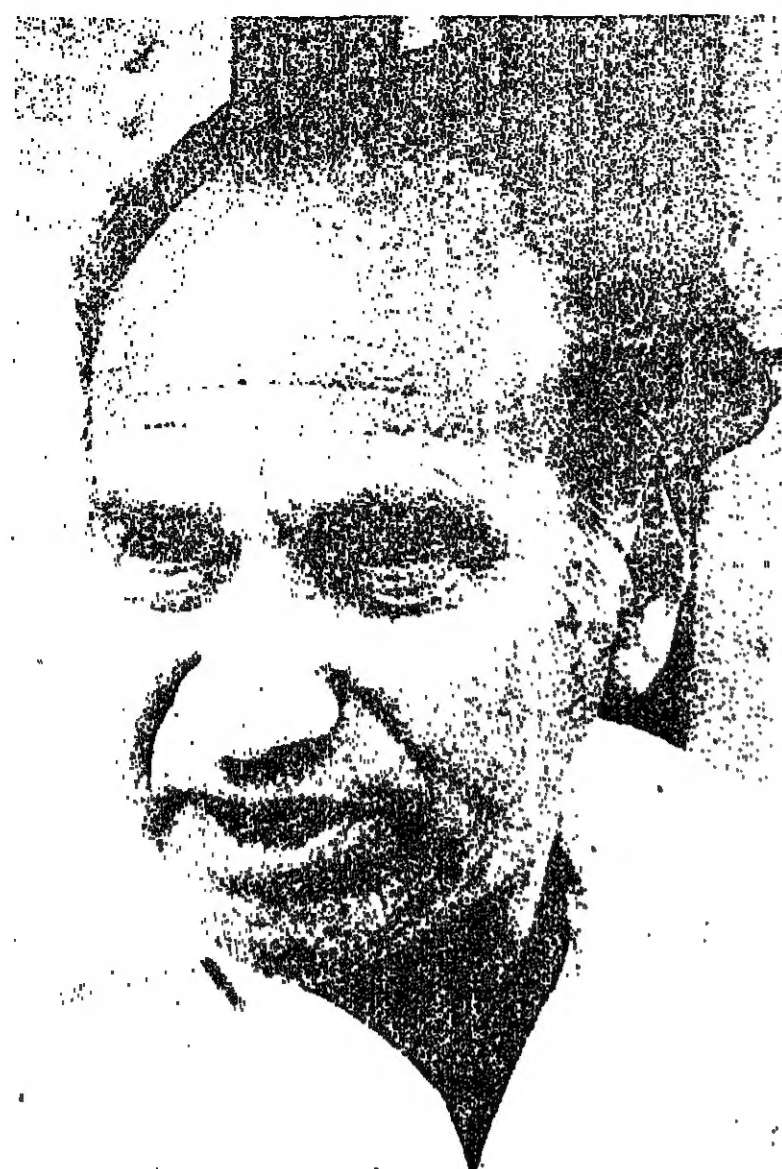
Tamir has decided to swallow the affront to his dignity and sit this one out. Weizman and Eliav are running on personality and biography. But there the similarities end.

Weizman, the man who engineered the Likud's historic electoral victory in 1977, after eight previous defeats of the party led by Menachem Begin, did it by harnessing a crude version of Madison Avenue public relations and salesmanship to sell his party. All the indications point to Weizman's seeking to use a similar strategy this time around, selling the personality of Ezer Weizman and downplaying the more complex, divisive area of issues.

LOVA ELIAV is a man who consciously went into the political desert for 12 years because of the extreme dovish principles which he spelled out in his book, *Land of the Hart*. But he, too, is running the present campaign on a personality/biography platform and playing down the central issue with which he has become identified - the need for Israel to take dramatic initiatives to prod the Arabs, including the PLO, into peace negotiations.

Eliav has not changed his views in the least. On the contrary, he believes that the Lebanese catastrophe in which the Likud government embroiled Israel provides further proof of the correctness of his beliefs.

But in his first appeals to the



The Lova Labour lost

Yosef Goell

public, as spelled out in a recent advertisement in *The Jerusalem Post*, he speaks only vaguely of "the justice of my political and social philosophy, expressed in what I have done and in what I have said and written over the years."

The first paragraph in the appeal calls for the voters' support "...because of my extensive experience in many fields related to the welfare of the State of Israel: town planning, security, immigrant absorption, education, foreign affairs, public health and agriculture."

The obvious strategy expressed in this order of priorities in his electoral appeal is based on Eliav's awareness that the number of voters motivated by the dovish foreign policy principles for which he stands have, in the past, sufficed for a maximum of two or three Knesset seats at most.

In the present elections, this dov-

ish electorate is confronted with a choice between the new merger of Shulamit Aloni's Citizens Rights Movement (CRM) and the remnants of Sheli; Amnon Rubinstein's Shinui; and the possibility of Matti Peled's and Uri Avneri's Alternativa splinter of Sheli uniting with a radical non-Communist Arab list.

But primarily, these frustrated dovish voters will be confronted with Labour's claim that any splitting of the vote on the Left runs the risk of putting the Likud-religious coalition back in power for another four years. The opinion polls, two months before election day, are coming up with a picture that would seem to indicate that only two or three Knesset seats one way or another will determine which coalition bloc will rule Israel.

ELIAV is fully aware that the 20,000 votes he needs to get into the Knesset will not materialize if he appeals just to the super-dovish fringe. Just as it is clear that Shulamit Aloni's chances of getting into the Knesset

depend to no small extent on the attraction she holds for an electorate motivated by civil rights and feminist issues. Eliav is thus going all out with his personality and his life history.

In the area of public achievement, Lova Eliav has no peer on today's political scene. At the age of 61, he belongs to the same generation as Shimon Peres, Yitzhak Rabin and Yitzhak Navon. But whereas his political peers have racked up life-long careers as either military or executive doers or political ideologues, Eliav has been a doer par excellence, a maverick ideologue and, first and foremost, a setter of personal example.

He first came to public notice as one of the handful of young commanders of an "illegal" immigration ship in the dramatic pre-independence days of the mid-1940s. During the War of Independence he first served in the embryonic navy and then was posted to serve as minister in Israel's embassy in Moscow under Ambassador Golda Meir, the woman who later drove him into political exile.

In the 1950s and '60s, Lova was an outstanding settlement planner and executor under Levi Eshkol, responsible for some of the most dramatic efforts to settle the flood of new immigrants. His name is especially associated with the first regional planning settlements in the Lachish area. He was also instrumental in establishing one of the most successful development towns, Arad.

His experience in regional planning made him a natural selection to head Israel's effort in helping to rebuild the earthquake-ravaged region of Qazvin in Iran in the 1960s and then the Nicaraguan capital, Managua, when it suffered a similar disaster in the following decade.

In 1956, in the midst of the lightning Sinai Campaign, in which Israeli forces for the first time occupied all of Sinai and reached the Suez Canal, Lova headed a secret Israeli team that evacuated the Jewish community of Port Said and brought them to Israel.

By the early 1960s, his record was so impressive that *Time* magazine, which ran an issue devoted to "future leaders of the world," chose him and Shulamit Aloni as the most outstanding exemplars of up-and-coming young leaders in Israel.

BY THE END of the decade, when Golda Meir succeeded Levi Eshkol as prime minister, Lova succeeded her as secretary-general of the Labour Party, an appointment which was the beginning of the history of ideological and personal clashes between the two.

He quit the post in 1971 in order to write *Land of the Hart*, which described an ideal Israel and Middle East following the conclusion of a peace treaty that put an end to the Arab-Israeli conflict. Since then he has been a leading figure in the minuscule Israel Left that is most noted for being riven by internal dissension.

He was re-elected to the Knesset on the Alignment list following the Yom Kippur War, but left the faction in 1975 to set up a one-man faction and then to unite with Shulamit Aloni's CRM. The tensions generated around two monumental egos put an end to that exercise, and in the 1977 elections Lova headed the Sheli list.

Two years later, he became one of the few MKs ever to honour a pre-election commitment to step down in mid-term in favour of candidates further down the list. The man who took his place was Uri Avneri.

In the last five years, Eliav has alternated political activity, espe-

cially in trying to establish contacts with reputed PLO "moderates" like Issam Sartawi, who was assassinated for his pains, with volunteer service. In the latter context he lived and taught for some time in the development town of Kiryat Shmona, and for an even longer time in the depressed development town of Or Akiva. He also did volunteer work as a hospital orderly, with a minimum of fanfare and publicity.

IN AN INTERVIEW in his "election offices" in a refurbished shack on Karl Netter Street in old Tel Aviv last weekend, Lova told me that he had decided to run for the Knesset again while he was sitting in a Kiryat Shmona air-raid shelter during a Katyusha attack two years ago.

"The 120 people in the present Knesset decided on this crazy war, and the 120 in the next Knesset will be faced with even more extreme life and death decisions. I think that it's important that I be a member of that Knesset," he said. "If present trends continue, we may well descend into another general war with all the Arabs, including Egypt."

"I know I am accused of being an impractical utopian. But look at the record. Were Dayan and Golda of the early '70s, who believed that it would be possible to sit on all the territories for ever and ever the utopians, or was I, who warned against it?"

He declared his intention of conducting "an American type campaign where the candidate goes to the voters in their homes and at their places of work, without the intervention of the party machine. Politicians and political columnists are shocked by this novel approach, but I think I can more than pull it off."

THE PEOPLE Lova is depending on were exemplified by the woman who was one of the 200 who attended an election rally under the overhang of an apartment building behind his hut.

"I'm going to work my butt off for Lova because he's the one who brought my son back to me," she told me. "My son was one of the prisoners of war held by the PLO and Lova was the man who was used by the Likud government as an intermediary in negotiating their release. He has my vote and all my time from today until election day."

Eliav says he hopes to benefit from similar sentiments from friends and supporters who have been in contact with him and whose benefactor he has been over his long public career. The bases he will touch run from Lachish and Arad to Kiryat Shmona and Or Akiva and the former Port Said community.

His major problem is the psychological fear of "wasting one's vote" on a one-man party which is not sure of getting in. The rules of the game say that if a list falls short of the 1 per cent threshold, its votes are simply forfeited. Once the threshold is crossed, surplus votes beyond the minimum needed for the one seat can be distributed to another party in surplus-votes agreements.

Lova is sure he can make it, as are the other true believers in Lova Eliav. With the electorate as volatile as it is, it would pay voters who are attracted by Eliav the man but are legitimately afraid of wasting their vote to decide on the basis of what the opinion polls are saying as close as possible to election day.

In the meantime, Lova's other main problem is just the opposite of Ezer Weizman's: money. He is hoping to raise what he needs for his personal grass-roots campaign from small and large personal contributions, both here and abroad.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ANDALUCIA AMARGA - By La Catedral de Sevilla (Spain). The migration of Spanish workers in search of income (minimal use of Spanish). (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday, Tuesday at 9 p.m., Monday at 5 p.m.)

CHARLOTTE - LIFE OR THEATRE? - By the Jerusalem Drama Workshop. Depicts the life of Charlotte Salomon, the young Jewish artist killed in Auschwitz (in English). (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

CLAIRE BLOOM (English) - One-woman show portraying Shakespearean heroines (in English). (Khan, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE COLLECTOR - Based on the John Fowles novel. (Purgol, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ENTANGLEMENTS - THE WOOD STORY - Puppet theatre presenting the elements of textile art. (Tzavta Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

UJO ISHIMARU (JAPANESE) - Theatrical arts and pantomime. A blend of Japanese traditions. (Israel Museum, Monday, Tuesday at 6 p.m., Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MILLIONEN - By the Odm Theatre (Denmark). Encounter with cities, landscapes, and people all over the world (minimal use of Danish). (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 11 p.m., Sunday, Monday at 7 p.m.)

OH, MR. FAULKNER, DO YOU WRITE? - Solo programme on William Faulkner (in English). (Cineatheque, tomorrow)

TANGO GLACIALE - By Fabio Movimento (Italy). A mélange of movement, film, painting, photography, props and more (minimal use of Italian). (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS VERSUS AUDIENCE - A modern play with audience participation. (Old Jaffa, Beersheba, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BRECHT, WELL, EVENING - Songs and poems. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 11 p.m.)

CAVALLI E LANTERNA - Neapolitan comedy. (Hahmish production. (Hahmish, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

CITY SUGAR - A Beersheba Municipal Theatre/Vival production. The story of a popular radio announcer. (Hahmish, Small Hall, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPILLING - Comedy by Emil Ajar. Produced and directed by Niki Nini. (Old Jaffa, Hahmish, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DESIRE - Hahmish production. A couple in

crisis act out an English social comedy. (Hahmish, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

EXISTENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT - Satirical cabaret. Lyrics by Yonathan Gefen, music by Shlomo Gronich. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOMECOMING - By David Finner. Camera Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Cameri, tomorrow, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Hahmish production. About 2 women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hahmish, Monday at 9 p.m.)

LIES - Camera production. Friendship between two families. (Cameri, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

OH, MR. FAULKNER, DO YOU WRITE? (Tzavta, today at 3 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD - Selection of political satire. Produced by the Tzavta Theatre. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.00 p.m.)

QUARTET FOR TWO - Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilbur (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 60 Hayarion, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS - Camera production. A sad story of warped human relations. (Tzavta, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE - British comedy produced by the Vival Theatre. (Hahmish, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SATAN IN MOSCOW - By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Hahmish, Small Hall, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SKAGULL - By Chekhov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. (Hahmish, Small Hall, Sunday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

GHIETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

OH, MR. FAULKNER, DO YOU WRITE? - (Haifa Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

LAUGHING THROUGH KLITA - A vaudeville-style comedy. Safed Jewish Theatre Company. (Safed, Wolfson, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD - (Beersheba Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE POISON MUSHROOM - By Brecht. Musical adapted from documents from Nazi Germany. (Beersheba Theatre, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM - Puppet theatre for all ages. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

BEERSHEBA DUO - Sara Fuxon-Hayman - Bert Berman, piano. Works by Schubert, Ravel, Ramon de Oza. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

THE MARIONETTES FROM INDIA - Puppet theatre for ages 3 and above. Magicians, dancers and camel caravans. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE SHAKESPEARE PARTY - Circus-aerobics, music, acrobats from Shakespeare's plays (in English). (Israel Museum, Billy Rose,

Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.)

STORY HOUR - A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2.30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, Wednesday at 11 a.m., 4.30 p.m.)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL? - Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area

HAPPY HOUR - With Shai Schwartz the clown. (Old Jaffa, Hahmish, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

OLD KING COLE - Theatre. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 4 p.m.)



John Maxwell in "Oh, Mr. Faulkner, Do You Write," a production in English at Tzavta, Tel Aviv, today.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ORGAN AND HARPSICORD RECITAL - Rudolph Heilmann and Martin Ludwig (Belgium). Works by Mozart, Liszt, Reger, Frescobaldi and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow through Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

MORNING OF BRAHMS - Eliyahu Shulman, violin; Marina Schmidt, piano. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

THE BRANDIS QUARTET (Germany) - String instrumentalists. Works by Haydn, Wolf, Schubert. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.). Works by Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert. (Monday at 9 p.m.)

SCOTTISH EARLY MUSIC CONSORT (Scotland) - Musical director Warwick Edwards. "Monteverdi and his Contemporaries" (YMCA, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

IL SIGNOR FACOTTO - By Offenbach. By Les Musiciens de France. Production in French. (Gerard Behar Center, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday at 8 p.m., Tuesday at 11 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA, Beersheba - Conductor Nean Sheriff. Soloist Harry Sprunsky, bass-clarinete. Works by Corelli, M. Koytman, Geert van Keulen, Mozart. (YMCA, Sunday)

MELLO AND PIANO RECITAL - Shmuel Magen and David Dahan. Works by Schnittky, Beethoven, (near Franck. (Tzavta, Monday)

PIANO RECITAL - Eva Schwartz. (Rubin Academy, Beit Hillel, 4 Hahmish, Monday)

ORGAN AND VIOLIN RECITAL - Ulrich Stiers and Susanne Rybak. (Germany). Works by Telemann, Vivaldi, Handel, Bach, Corelli, Marcello and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Tuesday through Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Purgol, today at 1.30 p.m., Tuesday at 10 p.m. and midnight, Wednesday at 11 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Film, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CABARET - Music, circus acts, commedia dell'arte, satire (in English). (Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hassidic rock

LA PIETRA DEL PARAGONE - By Rossini. By the Teatro Alla Scala (Italy). Production in Italian. (Huyenel Hall, Wednesday, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - With the Brigham Young University Choir (USA). Conductor Ralph Woodward. Works by Handel, Charpentier, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Pinkham, Bach. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday)

"ETNAHTA" - El Hufetz, clarinet; Michael Boguslavsky, piano. Works by Telemann, Shnitzer, Gelbrun, Bach. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA, Beersheba - 10th anniversary marathon. Conductors Mendi Rodan and Avner Itai, conductors. With Jean-Pierre Rampol, flute; Robin Weiss-Caputo and Miriam Melzer, soprano; Christoph Freudenberger, tenor; Yaron Windmüller, baritone. Works by Telemann, Suzanne Itlik, Samuel Schield, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Romberg. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY CHOIR (USA) - Conductor Ralph Woodward. A cappella works by Palestrina, Handel, Bruckner, Puccini and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Thursday)

THE DAVID TRIO - Cilla Grossmeyer, soprano; Shlomo Tishbar, recorder; Yehuda Shreier, guitar. Works by Purcell, Bach, Handel, Schubert, Britten, Avni. (Old City, Redeemer Church, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

ARIEH VARDI - Piano recital. Works by Haydn, Debussy, Ravel, Beethoven. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA - See Jerusalem, Sunday. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

REHOVOT WIND INSTRUMENTS ORCHESTRA - Works by Vivaldi, Rossini, Lully, Bizet, light music, marches, Hebrew songs. (Rehovot, Wm, tomorrow)

Haifa

ISRAEL FOLKLORE - Taste of Israel Dancers. Po'amel Taiman folk dancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JACOB'S LADDER - Traditional and protest songs. (Purgol, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - With the Freddie Weigall Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigall, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JERUSALEM FOLKLORE EVENING - With Eli Zohari, guitar/singer, playing own compositions, and well-known songs about Jerusalem. (Beit Hama'anin, Thursday at 7 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hassidic rock

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)

NEKEV OPERA COMPANY - Icelandic. By Clifton and Sullivan. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday)

TRIO KRRIEN - Yoram Rabin, horn; Elyakim Soliman, violin; Riki Sperber, piano. With Chana Zar, alto. Works by F. Duvernoy, Lennox Berkeley, Ann Toler, Brahms. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Special concert on the 75th anniversary of Tel Aviv. Conductor Zubin Mehta. Soloist Monserat Caballe, soprano. With the T.A. Philharmonic Choir and Zahal Orchestra. Works by Handel, Bellini, S. Cohen, Verdi, Puccini, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky. (Hayarkon Park, Thursday)

Haifa

BRANDIS QUARTET (Germany) - See Jerusalem. (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday)

Others

CONCERT - Gila Abrahamson, soprano; Eran Carmi, flute; Maria Gibson, cello; Esther Lora, piano. Works by C.P.E. Bach, Russell, Saint-Saens, Beethoven, Brahms, Villa-Lobos and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Uri Schneider. Soloists Yael Reindorf, flute; Gavriella Avraham, flute; Yael Reindorf, flute; Gavriella Avraham, flute; Yael Reindorf, flute; Gavriella Avraham, flute. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

IMPRESSIONISTIC TONES - Nava Sagiv, piano. Works by Debussy, Ravel. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL - Anny Shechar and Galina Zano. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Szymanowski. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

Be'er Sheva

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

POWERPLAY - Or: A Day in the Arms Race. Through caricatures. (Khan, Tuesday at 11 p.m.)

SONGS OF ISRAEL - The beautiful and the ugly, with the Mahapsich Band. (Purgol, Monday at 10.30 p.m.)

VOICE OF THE TURTLE (USA) - Instrumental-singers quartet performs traditional Spanish-Jewish songs in Ladino

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONI/O

in Jerusalem Cinema
Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri. May 25
Double feature 1 ticket:
1. Yomim 2.30
Apocalypse Now 4.30
Sat., May 26:
Table For Five 7.30
The Battle of Algiers 9.30
Sun., May 27:
Jungle Book 4, 5.30
Table For Five 7
Apocalypse Now 9
Mon., May 28:
Jungle Book 5.30
Monty Python And The Holy Grail 7.15
The Battle of Algiers 9
Tue., May 29:
Jungle Book 5, 6.45
Gene With The Wind 8.15
Wed., May 30:
Gene With The Wind 4
Monty Python And The Holy Grail 7.45
Apocalypse Now 9.15
Thur., May 31:
Jungle Book 4, 5.30
An Officer And A Gentleman 7, 9.30

EDEN UNCOMMON VALOUR

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON FOOTLOOSE

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA LES COMPERES

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM TOM SAWYER

Sun. 3.30
Children's film

KFIR YENTL

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
No complimentary tickets

MITCHELL FANNY AND ALEXANDER

Sat. 8.45
Weekdays 5.30, 9
Complimentary tickets not accepted

ORGL MUDY RIVER

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Japanese film
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ORION EDUCATING RITA

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Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

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Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
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RON ZELIG

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR SVEN

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY SPACE HUNTER

* PETER STRAUSS
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BEN-YEHUDA FOOTLOOSE

Directed by Herbert Ross. With Kevin Bacon, John Lithgow, Diana West
Friday night 9.45, 12
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

8th week

THE CHOSEN

Sunday 8.30 p.m.

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 p.m.

CHEN 1

12th week
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.45
Weekdays 4.55, 7.15, 9.45

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON

CHEN 2

2nd week
Friday night 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.15, 7.15, 9.40

CHEN 3

The true story of the woman who wrote The Yearling
Mary Steenburgen
Starring in a Martin Ritt film:
CROSS CREEK

Distributor: Suter film
Friday 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 10.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.45, 7.15, 9.40

CHEN 4

12th week
Tonight 10.10, 12.05
Saturday 7.50, 9.45
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

CHEN 5

8th week
Tonight 10.10, 12.05
Saturday 7.50, 9.45
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.25, 9.45

TRADING PLACES

2nd week

ZELIG

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

CINEMA ONE SCARFACE

Friday 10
Saturday 10; Saturday 9.30
Weekdays 6.30, 9.30

CINEMA TWO SHOGUN

Saturday 9.30
Weekdays 6.30, 9.30

CLASS LOVE STREAMS

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Tonight 10, Sat. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BEN-YEHUDA FOOTLOOSE

Directed by Herbert Ross. With Kevin Bacon, John Lithgow, Diana West
Friday night 9.45, 12
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

8th week

THE CHOSEN

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CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

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Saturday 7.50, 9.45
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

CHEN 5

8th week
Tonight 10.10, 12.05
Saturday 7.50, 9.45
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.25, 9.45

TRADING PLACES

2nd week

ZELIG

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HOD National Premiere

UNCOMMON VALOR

Tonight 10
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

LEVI ZELIG

3rd week
Tonight 9.30, 11.15
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

LEVI THE DRESSER

* ALBERT FINNEY
* TOM COURTNEY
Tonight 9.15, 11.30
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH

Tonight 10, 12
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

STAR CRASH

Saturday, 11.30 a.m.

MAXIM ESCAPE FROM THE BRONX

3rd week
5, 7.30, 9.30

MOGRABI

6th week
* WILLIAM KURT
* LEE MARVIN
* JOANNA PAKULA

GORKY PARK

Based on the novel by Martin Cruz Smith
Fri. 10, Sat. 7, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

ONLY THE ESSENTIAL HITCHCOCK

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS ERENDIRA

2nd week
Tonight 10; Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.40

PEER BETRAYAL

7th week
Sat. 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

SHARAF YENTL

8th week
Tonight 10.45, 12.15
Sat. 4, 7.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7.30, 9.30
Sat. 11 a.m. FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

INSTITUT FRANCAIS LES PORTES DE LA MER

Wed. 6.30

STUDIO EDUCATING RITA

* MICHAEL CAINE
* JULIE WALTERS
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

TCHETET TENDER MERCIES

6th week
* ROBERT DUVAL
(Academy award for best actor)
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV WEST SIDE STORY

Friday 10
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT,
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
GONE WITH THE WIND,
Sunday, 4, 8
Dr. ZHIVAGO, Monday, 4, 8
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF,
Tuesday, 4, 8
ANNA KARENINA,
Wednesday, 5, 7.30, 9.40
GIGI, Thursday, 5, 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV MUSEUM THE STATE OF THINGS

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON FANNY AND ALEXANDER

Tonight at 10, Sat. 5.30, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON PARADISE

Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

LILY GORKY PARK

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

OASIS STAR SHIP INVASION

4th week
7.15, 9.45
Matinees at 5

THE FURY OF ACHILLES

3rd week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

ARMON HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER

* CLINT EASTWOOD
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ATZMON THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

2nd week
* CHARLES BRONSON
in the execution of justice
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

CHEN RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

12th week
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

FRENCH CULTURAL CENTRE LA BELLE ET LA BETE

Mon. 9.30

MORIAH EDUCATING RITA

13th week
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORAH TO BE OR NOT TO BE

* MEL BROOKS
* ANN BRANCROFT
in a wonderful comedy
Sat. 7, 9.15; weekdays 4, 7, 9

ONLY NO PERFORMANCES DUE TO RENOVATIONS

PEER TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

8th week
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON
Sat. 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

RON FOOTLOOSE

4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT FANNY AND ALEXANDER

7th week
8.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL

8th week

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

Friday, 10
Weekdays 7.15, 9.40

SAVOY SCARFACE

Tonight 9.45
Saturday and weekdays 7, 9.30
Matinees at 5

THE MAD PROFESSOR

6th week

CODEX MAIMONI: THE MISHNEH TORAH OF THE RAMBAM

The selections from the Code of Maimonides produced in this book are from the beautiful Kaufmann Codex and convey a clear idea of the style, scope and structure of the Mishneh Torah, enabling the reader to combine meticulous study with artistic pleasure. This exquisite volume contains the magisterial Code that was written by Maimonides in Egypt in 1180; copied by a French scribe in 1295, further embellished by a German scribe in Cologne with citations from select post-Maimonidean authorities. The manuscript arrived in Hungary where it became known as the Kaufmann Codex, and today, with this edition, has been made available to English-language readers. CODEX MAIMONI presents 88 of the most beautiful pages from the illuminated codex of the Kaufmann Mishneh Torah. Introductory essay by Professor Alexander Schaller provides a summary of the main information available on the life of Maimonides, the Mishneh Torah and this codex. Art historian Gabrielle Sed-Rajna describes the codex in context of art history and provides detailed explanations of the illustrations. Published by Corvina/Helikon/Strassburger. Leaf size 473 mm x 324 mm (approx. 18 1/2" x 12 3/4"). 176 pages. Price, \$138 (including VAT). Available from The Jerusalem Post, P.O. Box 81, Jerusalem 91000. Tel. 02-528181, ext. 288, 291.

ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT

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Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper, week by week keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business and personal notices. Sample copies and advertising rates available.

DAVID NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Sun., Tue., Wed., Thur. 5, 7.15, 9.30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Sun., Tue., Wed., Thur. 5, 7.15, 9.30

DAVID I LOVE YOU CARMEN

3rd week
7.30, 9.30

STOP

Pick up a soldier

ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page A)

TEL AVIV AREA

BEGGARS' JOY - Humour and satire with Shaike Ophir. (Ramat Gan, Ordea, tonight at 10 p.m.; Nahmani, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET - Irish folk music. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 10.45 p.m.; Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

CRY THE FUNNY COUNTRY - Satire with Scifi Rivlin and others. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

DON'T SHOOT - I'M A PACIFIST - A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cedar, Tuesday at 11 p.m.)

DUDU TOPAZ - Satire evening. (Beit Leislin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - With From the Other Side group. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at midnight)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Plamanti, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Id Dirsail, Zipora Ben-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

NEW YORK - Songs with Sandra Johnson. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON - Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tonight at midnight)

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN - Mellow piano songs. (Munn Auditorium, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

HALFA BEGGARS' JOY - (Halfa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAIHVER - Programme of humour and satire. (Shaviv, tonight at 10 p.m.)

SHALOM HANOCH - Mellow songs. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem

Jerusalem Through the Ages
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burn

This Week in Israel-Th

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SINCE ISRAEL has been visited by Kazuo Ohno, the Ariadone and, happily, for the second time, the Sankai Juku company (review next week), the Muteki-Sha Dance Group, giving one of the six opening performances of the Israel Festival on May 19 at the Klau Theatre, came as no surprise.

Called *Niwa* (The Garden) and created by Natsu Nakajima who appeared in it together with Yuriko Macsawa, this Buto offering (modern Japanese style) left no doubt that both women had superb body control, command of facial mime and eloquent arms. What left doubt was the work itself.

"I created this work to see my own life, placing myself as a woman sitting in the garden looking at it grow and fade away," the choreographer-dancer has written. But how much of this intention was projected in terms of movement?

There were, indeed, indications here and there of the ages of woman: childhood and age, youth and decay - but in detached and disjointed moments. At best, the autobiographical impressions were dreamlike. At worst, they were absurd, using a foghorn to represent a sea voyage, for instance.

A figure holding a withered bush could be admired for her slow motion but, as a symbol of a garden that bush was, to say the least, inadequate. Facial expressions did portray sorrow, love, suffering and wonder, but the total effect was more of charade than sentiment.

In one scene, one of the best of the many - too many - in the 100-minute, non-stop show, the two women made jumping moves rather like jogging, then mirrored each other in a jolly sort of way.

In the final scene, when Nakajima appeared in a dramatic, flowing robe, the sheer beauty of her attitudes almost redeemed what, until then, had looked like two dancers in search of a subject.

AT THE SUGGESTION of an Indonesian friend, Immanuel and Josefa Briant called their group the Susila Utama Dance Theatre. The words, I was told, mean "perfect movement" and the Briants (among the best dancers in Israel) together with two other very good dancers, Liora Axelrod and Iris Tennenbaum, gave a performance that could reasonably be called "movement towards perfection."

This was actually a repeat performance on May 15 of the previous Saturday night's programme at the Inbal Theatre in Neve Zedek, Tel Aviv, one of the series of guest appearances celebrating the 35th anniversary of the Inbal Dance Theatre.

Created by the Briants under the general title *A Man's Journey*, the dancing did occasionally use ideas from other sources, but it had a basic originality and octane buoyancy.

The performance began seriously enough with a theme of birth and growth. The three women, in well-cut dresses, appeared entwined in a plastic cord which was also wound round the middle of the man, who was clad in trunks.

The reason for having three women seemed more artistic than realistic. Only one was obviously the "mother" helping the "child" into being. The high point here was a spectacular solo by Immanuel, although Josefa was always expressive and the ensemble graphic.

A slight break marked a change of mood. The climate became jazzy, with a robust beat and a contemporary aura.

Hitherto the sound (by eight composers and a weather report) mostly

Garden view



Natsu Nakajima in "Niwa" (The Garden)

DANCE/ Dora Sowden

had an oriental tinge. Now it was blatantly hip-hop. The dancers were cocky and cute and Immanuel's *Ego Dance* came close to what in the latest jargon is known as "Break Dance," loose-limbed, rubber-jointed. Yet it never sank into mere acrobatics. The solo with a rucksack was true comedy, with a hint of tragedy.

A fun scene with chairs was too clownish and the mime too childish, but by then the charm of the performance had been well established, and one could take a little kitsch with the quality.

As the last programme in the series of guest performances at the Inbal Theatre, three dancers will present their own choreography on May 26: Sally Anne Friedland, Miri Ben Baruch and Hertzl Avraham.

THE BALLET ACADEMY of Gothenburg in Sweden is holding its first international summer course from July 16 to August 11 under the artistic direction of Lia Schubert and Claude Marchant, with a roster of 10 other teachers, among them Israeli Rahamin Ron, who now teaches mostly in London, and one-time artistic director of the Batsheva Company, William Louthier.

Schubert, who for a dozen years

ran a ballet school (and the Piccolo Ballet) in Haifa, is now working with the Ballet Academy in Gothenburg, conducting workshops for dancers and theatre artists and giving courses for dance teachers.

Before coming to Israel, she founded the Ballet Academy in Stockholm in 1957; it was extended to Gothenburg in 1967, under the directorship of Marchant.

From June 2-9, the Gothenburg Festival will present some of the events which are part of the Israel Festival, Jerusalem, including Sankai Juku and the Odin Theatre.

THE FIRST REVIEW of the Karmon Dance Company's debut in New York has only just reached me. Anna Kisselgoff in the *New York Times* called it a "folk-pop troupe... with tremendous energy and polish that sweeps through the medley format of what has to be the fastest-paced show on the boards... It is easy to see how dancing in the Karmon company can be an exciting experience."

"But the viewer's situation is more problematical after the initial impact of a stage filling up suddenly with a mass of exuberant and highly disciplined young people... Nonetheless, that first impact does come through with an uplifting kinetic thrust." □

Didactic mushroom



Makram Khoury, Gideon Shemer, Tehiya Danon in "The Poison Mushroom."

THE HAIFA Municipal Theatre's Wadi Salih annex - airless but picturesque, under a high, vaulted ceiling - is the venue for *The Poison Mushroom*, a new satirical revue which is sometimes of didactic more than theatrical interest. But of interest.

The production, directed by Amit Gazit, with a cast of three men and two women, uses material from Brecht, Erich Kastner, diaries, schoolbooks and the media to shed light on the minutiae of daily life that made the growth of Fascism possible in Germany between 1933 and 1939.

In subtle ways it shows that monstrosity can be ingested one joint at a time and even found tasty. It suggests that we, sitting in the audience, might have some atrocious elbow in our throats even now.

The title of the revue comes from a skit based on required reading for children in 1936. Little Franz (Gil Alon) in his sailor-suit goes skipping in the woods with his mama (Tehiya Danon) and helps fill the basket with mushrooms. She searches through the pile and tosses out the poisonous ones ("Hopla! which the good little boys steps on" ("Phooey!"). Mama, being a good educator, explains all, noting that the most dangerous mushrooms are the most innocent looking - like the Jews.

The Jews, when they're not being mushrooms, are sometimes cuckoos, as in the composition of an eight-year-old girl in 1935, recited by Yael Amit. They lay their eggs in other people's nests.

Perhaps the best sketch is "Boots," a monologue by Gil Alon, who has graduated from his sailor-suit and is wearing shiny black boots with his uniform. Goose-stepping in place, he recites an actual journal entry from the period about the thrills of marching in his new boots

THEATRE

Marsha Pomerantz

and the excitement of spilling Jewish blood. But as the miles pass under his feet, the exercise gets less thrilling and more painful. He starts dropping back - though he's alone on stage, you can practically see every-one overlooking him. In the end, he's left alone, his feet and perhaps his soul, blistered by Fascist rigidity.

Another version of the same situation, taken from the journal of Ernst Von Solomon: A family of five (with Gideon Shemer) sits around an imaginary dinner-table, and in the midst of the meal one of them (Makram Khoury) gets up and says, in essence: What's happening to us is much worse than what's happening to the Jews. His speech is greeted with utter silence. He sits down, and the meal is resumed.

The basic costumes, by Charles Leon and Gila Lahat are white - for innocence - and Leon's set consists mainly of a long row of cloakroom hooks across the back. At the start of the Revue it's full of costumes and accessories, and it empties gradually as they are used.

The production is obviously designed to point out some problems closer to home - if not actual parallels with Germany in the '30s, then at least the fact that gradual changes in society can be dangerously imperceptible. Especially if we don't care to put our glasses on.

THE PREMIERE was followed by a discussion, mercifully short as these things go. Yaron London, moderator, asked some irritating questions. He wanted to know if Gertrud Finkelgruen-Seehaus, a German writer visiting in Israel, was sur-

prised by the debates about analogies to early Fascism in Germany. Was it an Israeli guilt complex, or justified?

"That's for you to determine" was the wise answer.

Prof. Yehuda Bauer, the historian, said comparisons with the Nazi era are odious. Everything develops in stages, and situations can be bad enough without calling them Fascism or Nazism, he pointed out.

But his remarks implied comparisons in any case. It was not necessarily sadists who murdered in Germany, he said. It was also intellectuals. Mengele was not the only doctor at Auschwitz; there were 25. Housewives given guns fired on other housewives in the death marches.

Michael Friedman, who has researched the image of the Jew in German films, pointed out the dangers of dehumanizing the enemy. Jews were not only mushrooms and cuckoos; they were rats in propaganda films.

And what do we make of Rafael Eitan's image of Arabs as "drugged-roaches in a bottle"? Said Mordechai Bar-On, former chief education officer of the IDF: We must also consider the dehumanization of soldiers doing their duty in the occupation of the West Bank.

Some people in the audience found *Mushroom's* satire too mild to be effective; others said that if it were more extreme, it would be rejected out of hand.

It's worth seeing to decide for yourselves. And Gil Alon, in or out of his black boots, is a talent to watch.

The material was compiled by Avi Oz and Omri Nitzan, translated by Oz, Tom Levi and Hillel Mittel-punkt. Music by Hanna Hachoen, and Nili Kris is at the piano. □

This Week in Israel-Th

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FILMS SERVICES

Cinematheque

MAY 27-JUNE 1
27.5 at midnight: *Le Bal*
28.5 at 4 pm: *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*
8 pm: *The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigly*
29.5 at 4 pm: *Atomic Cafe*
6 pm: *Hot Land*
midnight: *Liquid Sky*
5 pm: small hall *Billy Liar*
7 pm: *The Long Hot Summer*
30.5 10 am-3.30 pm: Marathon of Sculpture Films
4 pm: *Tokyo Story*
6.30 pm: *The Girl with the Red Hair*
10.15 pm: *In Search of Famin*
9 pm: *Secrets*
31.5 at 5 pm: *The Tribe*
6 pm: *The Herd*
8.15 pm: *Green*
10 pm: *And the Boat Sails On*
24.15: *Ladies on the Rocks*
5 pm: small hall *Billy Liar*
7 pm: *Land of the Pharaohs*
9 pm: *A Sense of Loss*
1.6 at 2 pm: *Ladies on the Rocks*
4 pm: *The Return of Secaucus 7*

Screenings at the Cinematheque, Hebron Road, Tel. (02) 712192. Library hours: Sun., Mon., Wed. 10 am-3 pm; Tues., Thurs. 10 am-7 pm; Friday closed.

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FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1984

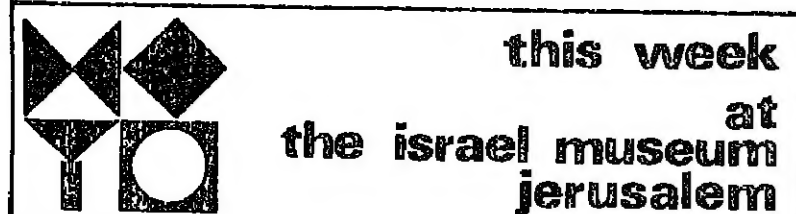
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

מגזין אל תפחל

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1984

This Week in Israel - The Jerusalem Museums



EXHIBITIONS

How to Wrap Five Eggs: Traditional Japanese Packaging. Hundreds of exhibits made from different materials. (From May 23)

The Well-Built Elephant: Popular American Architecture. Photographs and plans of domestic and commercial structures shaped like animals, vegetables etc. (From May 29)

Joan Miró: Sculptures
Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel - First ever retrospective of Israeli sculpture, in conjunction with the Israel Festival 1984.

Marc Chagall: Book Illustrations (Courtesy of the Barenbaum-New Foundation)

A Window to Islam - Islamic culture, religion, science and court life

The Gallery of the Roman Period - renovation of the gallery and now finds

Nelium Tavit - wall statues and models for large sculptures. Closing May 26.

Jonathan Borofsky
Face and Body - photographs

12 pages from the Cairo Geniza
News in Antiquities - new finds from excavations

Tom Seldman Freud - Illustrations of children's books (Courtesy of Dubei Ltd.)

Seraps - creating home theater sets and greeting cards (Courtesy of Marianna and Walter Grissmann)

Permanent Collection of Judaica Art and Archaeology

SPECIAL EXHIBITS
A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery - 6th century kylix

Floor Mosaic from a Byzantine Farm - 7th century

Installations by young sculptors. De Menasse Gallery. (From May 31)

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM:
Kadesh Barnea - a fortress from the Judean kingdom

How to Study the Past
News in Antiquities - finds from Sidonian family tombs Akhalb, 10th-7th century BCE. Early Phoenician

BET Ticho: Works by Anne Ticho. Henukkah lamps collected by Dr. Ticho and library.

EVENTS

CHILDREN'S FILM
Sunday, May 27 at 15.30
TOM SAWYER
Directed by Tom Taylor; with Warren Oates, Jodi Foster and Calista Holm

CHILDREN'S CONCERT
Tuesday, May 29 at 16.15
CHILDREN'S GAMES AND TALES
Bear Sheva Duo with Sara Fuxon-Helman, piano; Bart Berman, piano.
Works by Schubert, Ravel, Ram Da-oz

TOURS FOR CHILDREN
Tuesday, May 29 at 18.30
CREATIVE DRAMA IN THE ART GARDEN, with Rina Padwa

SPECIAL EVENT
Thursday, May 31 from 10.00 - 16.00
SPRING CONFERENCE OF THE ISRAELI PREHISTORIC SOCIETY
In the members lounge

ISRAELI FESTIVAL EVENTS
Saturday, May 26 at 21.00
THE HEART OF HER PEOPLE - Voice of the Turtle

Mon., Tues., & Thurs., May 28, 29 & 31 and Sat., June 2 at 21.00
OKAME - Fujio Ishimaru

Wednesday, May 30 at 17.30
THE SHAKESPEARE PARTY IN THE SCULPTURE GARDEN
Bond Street Theatre Coalition

Friday, May 1 at 14.30
MONSIEUR NONSENSE - Mini Circus

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun. 11.00 & 15.00; Tues. 11.00 & 16.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00

Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 15.00

Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 16.00

Rockefeller Museum (opposite Damascus Gate): Friday at 11.00

RUTH YOUTH WING
Recycling project will be open Mon. 14.30-17.00, Tues. 16.00-20.00. The project encourages creative use of waste materials. For further information please call (02) 633278.

Summer Courses for Children - Registration opens May 20 for intensive morning art courses during July: including ceramics, weaving, movement, nature photography, archaeology. For further details please call (02) 633278.

VISITING HOURS OF THE MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00; Fri. Sat. 10.00-14.00

SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

BILLY ROSS SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: (opp. Damascus Gate) Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. and Sat. 10.00-14.00

LIBRARY HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00

BET Ticho: Dr. Ticho St. (off Harav Kook St.) Sun.-Thurs. 10.30-16.30; Friday 10.30-13.30; Garden cafe open every day 10.00 to midnight

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, La'an and Castel; Jerusalem - Kila'im

Museum is located on Ruppel Street, Tel. (02) 699221

Physiognomical feat

TELEREVIEW / Phillip Gillon

AT ONE STAGE during the news this week, Haim Yavin told us, with an ominous emphasis in his voice, that we only had 61 days to go to election day. I found myself calculating what was for me an equally significant statistic: we have only 31 days to go till the ban on politicians' faces appearing on news or allied programmes comes into effect.

Every time an election comes round, I am struck by the realization of what a wonderful law this is. I am sick and tired of David Levy, with his cumbersome, pompous style of speaking - why have we stopped telling each other those jokes about him? Just because he went on a diet? He is still as much of a bore as ever.

I am equally weary of the sight of Yitzhak Moda'i, looking like one of the myrmidons of a godfather. And, just to prove my impartiality, I can do without the sight of Shimon Peres.

Strangely enough, I am not, at the moment, put off by Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. I think that by his presenting two faces to the world, and there is a certain fascination in trying to work out which one we are going to see.

One face is a benign countenance, obviously chosen to prove to sceptics abroad, as well as at home, that there is no terrorist, but a kindly old buffer who kisses babies, pats children on the head, helps old ladies across the street, is kind to dogs and cats, and considers no political event an occasion to abandon his unflappable serenity.

Clearly he knows that such a face is not going to get the votes of the Likud chanters who want Yitzhak to be King of Israel. For their sake, Shamir shows us a stern autocrat, a ruthless underground fighter, an implacable Mossad manhunter.

This was the face presented to us in his Knesset denunciation this week of anybody who wants to give sovereignty over the West Bank to its occupants. In the very clumsy ceremony, obviously designed for elections; during which he was presented with a pin commemorating his period in an underground organization, he somehow managed to present both faces simultaneously to the world, a remarkable physiognomical feat.

Fractious readers may complain testily that they wonder how I can go week after week looking at familiar faces in TV series without complaining. But there's a world of difference between a character seen once a week in a work of fiction and a politician droning out the same thing on the news night after night.

In fact, while I am on the subject, and knowing that it is not really my business and that my interest is only marginal as a viewer of the overseas news on Israel, I will be able to take it on the chin if the Americans elect Gary Hart as president - just because he is new.

Television is a mighty instrument of public change, always clamouring for something novel to titillate the insatiable but easily jaded appetite of the viewers. Gone are the days when a politician like William Ewart Gladstone or Jan Christian Smuts could remain in office almost forever.

A public that only saw their pictures in newspaper photographs could put up with them for a long time. But now that our leaders stick

their noses into our drawing-rooms every night, we cry "Enough! Away with this face! Bring us a new one!"

MY CRITICS may point out that since the faces that weary me will certainly appear in the election propaganda served to us on television by the public relations firms engaged by the parties, how will I be better off? My answer is that I will not be ordered by my conscience to watch this stuff, in the way that I am driven to watch the news, lest something good should miraculously happen when I am not looking.

In fact, my conscience will probably order me to boycott most of the election shows, in case some delightful ditty should induce me to change the opinions that have served me so well for so many years.

As proof that familiar faces breed utter, utter ennui, let us consider the lineaments of Israel Kessar, which will now replace those of Yehoram Meshel.

Kessar emerged as a fresh, interesting and exciting new television personality from his interview with Eli Nissan on the Friday night magazine. Apart from his other excellent qualities, he is a fanatical tennis player, and obviously a fairly good one. My objection to over-exposed faces does not apply to sportsmen.

I trust we will see Kessar in action on the court more often than we see him denouncing the idiocies of the finance minister although he does the latter as effectively as John McEnroe places his net shots.

A QUIET revolution took place during the week, which may have passed unnoticed by all but the most vigilant, such as myself. A line was flashed across the screen at the end of an item about the Israel Festival, telling us that the sponsor was Elite, the chocolate manufacturers.

Do you get it? This was not a "service" ad presented by a government or semi-governmental body, by Mifal Hapayis, Sportoto, Wizo, or Kupat Holim, organizations that serve the public on a non-profit basis. This was a sponsorship by a firm plainly, bluntly out to make dough as well as sweets, a company as capitalist as the Forsytes, the Oncedins or the Ewings. Unobtrusively, the age of advertising has insinuated itself onto our screens.

It may not be a wholly bad development. If it is done as judiciously and discreetly as this item was, and if it provides vast amounts of funds to boost the supply of Israeli imaginative products for television, I am for it.

During this month, when the festival is busy showing us that Israelis can contribute so brilliantly to the performing arts, I am struck more than ever by the complete failure of television to provide any kind of fiction for our delectation.

At one stage we were getting an occasional drama, and a few short offerings by students of film at Tel Aviv University. Now these have dried up completely. The only sitcom made in years, *Near Ones* and *Dear Ones*, was produced by Educational Television, all honour to them.

No doubt somebody will trot out the inevitable answer that there is a shortage of money, especially during the Likud-made economic drought. It seems to me that it is a mistake to allocate over 50 per cent of the

available budget and a great deal of the viewing time, to news and commentaries or documentaries about the news.

Admittedly, our news service is of a very high standard, as high as anywhere in the world that I have seen. But our nightly four hours of television has become rather like a newspaper, which devotes more than half of its few pages to news and editorials.

Especially nowadays, when the news is always so bad, we could get by with only 15 minutes of it. This would free time and money for imaginative filmmaking.

So, if we are to have advertising, I hope that the money it brings in is well spent on more indigenous wares.

ONE CURIOUS by-product of the dearth of entertainment is our dependence on Jordan. In the weird way that such things happen in Israel, it is now an accepted part of Israel's national life that we rely on Jordan to supply sport, entertainment, everything, in fact, that Israel Television is unable or unwilling to provide.

This attitude reached its height this week, when I was reproached by a colleague for failing to do my duty to the public, because I had not inserted an item telling them at what hour and on what station Jordan would cover the British Cup Final live. The information, he said, was of great interest to hundreds of thousands of Israelis. Naturally, Israel Television had never thought of bringing us the match.

I very weakly admitted that I was to blame for the omission. Please watch the sports columns for advice as to whether and when Jordan will telecast live the European Cup Final between Liverpool and Roma, as I am sure they will. They will probably also give us the French Open Tennis Championships.

A NEW PROGRAMME launched this week was *Hindsight*, in which Micha Shagrir talked to Dr. Zvi Pattiel and Dov Bigun, two Israelis whom he interviewed as young men 15 years ago. The point was to show what has happened to them since, and whether they have changed their minds about their attitudes to the universe.

We were shown excerpts from the first programme. Pattiel was then a student of atomic physics, searching for direction in life, and not finding much.

On the subject of religion, he was keeping an open mind; like the man from Missouri, he said, "Show me." He had a wife and child, and had suffered from cancer, which had gone into remission.

Now an industrial physicist and editor of a science paper, he has three children, and had another bout of cancer, which he has overcome. But his views remain exactly the same.

Bigun, horn on a kibbutz, told us 15 years ago that he had become "a seeker of the way," and ended up in a yeshiva. He still believes that he has a mission to get the entire Jewish people to become observant Jews. For him, too, nothing has changed.

It seems that people form their opinions at the age of 18, and stick to them forever afterwards, come hell or high water. That may explain why I find so many Likud supporters so pig-headed whenever I get into arguments with them.

A social worker should be sent out to Southfork to have a look at that Ewing family. Not even in our underprivileged areas do we have three families living under one roof, where there is much acute tension between them.

THE ISRAELI Festival, Jerusalem, getting into top gear and will dominate the capital scene in the days and nights for another three weeks.

For music lovers who prefer soloists and chamber music there will be plenty. The Israeli String Quartet from Berlin is an offshoot of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, with Thomas Brandis, Peter Brem, violins, Wilfried Strehle, viola, and Wolfgang Boettcher, cello, occupying its first desks. They will be joined by Wolfram Christ, viola, in Mozart's Quartet K.515 (May 28), and Zvi Harel, cello, in the String Quartet by Schubert (May 26).

Both programmes take place at the Jerusalem Theatre at 9 p.m. and consist of pearls of the classical repertoire, with only Hugo Wolf's lovely *Italian Serenade* (1887) going beyond the original Viennese School. Since its foundation in 1976, the ensemble has appeared in some prestigious Festivals, including Edinburgh and Salzburg, and ranks among the leading string quartets of West Germany.

The other group is the Amadeus Trio from England, whose members are still well remembered from the performances of the quartet of the same name. After its second violin had to drop out because of illness, the team which founded the quartet back in 1947 and kept it going for over 30 years decided to carry on as a trio.

Norbert Brainin, violin, Peter Schidlöf, viola, and Martin Lovett, cello, will feature Pinna Saltzman as pianist in two works by Mozart. Their two concerts, devoted entirely to Mozart and Beethoven, will also take place at the Jerusalem Theatre. The all-Mozart concert is on June 2, and the Mozart and Beethoven concert is on June 3 (both starting at 9 p.m.).

Next Friday (June 1), the Jerusalem Theatre offers two matinee performances, both of them very inviting. At 2 p.m., our dear friend Jean-Pierre Rampal will give a flute recital, with Jonathan Zak at the piano. No programme details were known at the time of writing this, but Rampal can do no wrong, and his fans will enjoy anything he may play for them.

At 4 p.m. is the long-expected recital of Ivo Pogorelich, described in the advance publicity as "one of the most original pianists of our time." According to this, he would seem to be a mixture of Glenn Gould and Maria Cullas as far as eccentricity goes, but he offers a most conserva-

ISRAELI MAY BE absent from all the official selections of this year's Cannes Festival, but at least one event is memorable enough to rate it as an important turning point for our film industry.

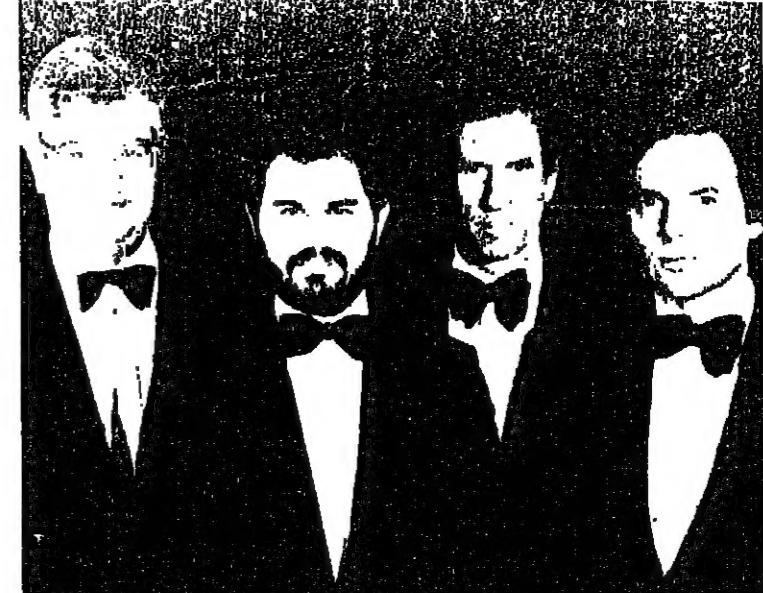
This is the announcement by a major American studio, Warner Brothers, that it is acquiring for world distribution a picture made entirely in Israel, by Israelis, on an Israeli subject.

The film, *Beyond the Walls*, is a tense prison drama on the relations between Jewish criminal inmates and Arab political inmates, most of them terrorists, in the maximum-security ward of an Israeli jail.

While the political implications of the subject are evident, director Uri Barabash, using a script he wrote in collaboration with his brother Benny and with the help of a long-time partner, dramatist Eran Price, focuses mostly on the human values of this encounter and their distortion by the imposition of politically motivated authorities trying to manipulate the protagonists.

Lead actors in this film are Arnon

Top gear



The Brandis Quartet.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

ive programme - Bach's English Suite No. 2, Mozart's Sonata, K.311, and the Third Sonata by Chopin (Op.58).

A propos pianists - another sensation is coming up, too: Martha Argerich, the world-famous ex-Argentinian now living in Switzerland, will give a two-piano recital, together with Michel Beroff, with a most interesting programme: Debussy's *Blanc et Noir*, Brahms' Sonata Op.34b; Stravinsky's Concerto for Two Pianos; and Ravel's *La Valse*. (Binyenei Ha'uma, June 6, at 9 p.m.)

While the concert season, running parallel to the Festival, is still in full swing, people are already having to think about their subscriptions for the 1984-85 season.

The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra starts selling subscriptions next week. If you can afford it and want to beat the inflation, you can get a 10 per cent reduction by paying for the whole season in advance. Otherwise, you can pay for it in six instalments, but, of course, with linkage. In my meeting with the representative of the IPO, I could not elicit any precise prices, the only indication being that the increase over last year

An innovation will be a fully staged production of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, scheduled to end the season in late July. This will be only in the subscription series and, of course, only in Tel Aviv, but the management will try to work out some way of getting Jerusalemites and Haifaites to see it, too.

Programmes include mostly "approved" music, though names like Bartok, Hindemith, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Schoenberg (don't worry, it's only his *Transfigured Night*, an early, Wagnerian work), and some Stravinsky appear among the good old classics, carefully cushioned with music by Mozart, Schubert, Bach, Dvorak and Beethoven. The mysterious "Israeli Composer to be Announced" appears no less than four times on the programme sheet. But he does not appear even once in the six Philclassica programmes or the Light Classical Music series.

The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra has already begun selling subscriptions for the coming season. For budgetary reasons, activities have had to be cut back but the management has opted for saving on quantity rather than lowering quality. This means that instead of three concerts in each series, only two will be given (on Wednesdays and Thursdays) and the Baroque and Exploration series will be dropped, though some of their features will be included in the regular subscription series. The Tuesdays will be used for going out of town, and already Ein Hashofet has contracted for six programmes. Beit She'an and Kfar Menahem each for four, and negotiations with Kiryat Shmona are still in progress.

Ten concerts in the Gold Series (158,000-1510,000 for cash) and six in the Silver (154,500-156,100 for cash) will offer a wide spectrum of interesting programmes.

This year, an opera - though regretably only in concert form - will be presented: Verdi's *Rigoletto*, with 11 outstanding singers. This venture has been made possible through the generosity of Lady Janner, whose patronage has enabled the four performances to be called the Lord Janner Memorial Concerts.

The British Council is underwriting a visit by Sir Michael Tippett, shortly before his 80th birthday, to conduct his Third Symphony, while the Alfred and Adolph Evner Foundation will be responsible for the appearance of Walter Klein, the Viennese pianist, performing Beethoven's Fifth Concerto.

Chief Conductor Gary Bertini will direct three series (in October, April and June). Yuri Aharonovitch and Uri Segal will conduct one series each. Other guest conductors are Lukas Foss, Ernest Bour, Paavo Berglund, Tippett, Karl Meuninger, and Maxim Shostakovich. Soloists include Teresa Cahill, soprano; Daniel Benayahu (Partos' Viola Concerto); Zvi Zeitlin in the Stravinsky Violin Concerto; and pianists Rudolf Buchbinder and Amny Fischer both playing Mozart; Yehli Wagnan in Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto. Israeli compositions to be performed are Yehzekiel Braun's *Symphonic Dances*, Arthur Gelbrun's *Holocaust and Resurrection*, a work written for the Hecht Foundation's competition 10 years ago, and Mordechai Seter's *Yehudith*.

In conjunction with Lilian and Victor Hochhauser, the London impresarios who also have a home in Jerusalem, the JSO is mounting a new series of popular classics at popular prices at Binyenei Ha'uma. The four programmes will be:

Music for Ballet, conducted by Ole Schmidt, with the participation of the BatSheva Dance Theatre (November); an all-Tchaikovsky programme, with Yuri Aharonovitch conducting, and Natasha Tudson as soloist (February); a Viennese evening with William Tausky conducting (March); and lastly a special programme conducted by Edward Heath (yes, the Edward Heath who was once Britain's Conservative prime minister), which will include Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance* March No.1, Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (with Ilan Rechtman), and Dvorak's Symphony No.9 (*The New World*).

LITURGICA will be held this year between December 29 and January 9, with eight most stimulating programmes, details of which will be given in this column in due course.

This year the JSO Proms which we have come to look forward to in July have fallen victim to the Israel Festival. It was apparently felt that there is a limit to what Jerusalemites can take.

Yuri Aharonovitch has been unanimously elected a member of the Royal Swedish Academy, the first and only Israeli musician to be thus honoured. One of its earlier members was Ludwig van Beethoven; Isaac Stern and Mstislav Rostropovich are representatives of the present generation. Congratulations!

Breakthrough

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

Adock, who featured in Barabash's previous film, *Stigma*, and also in his remarkable TV docu-drama *Sentenced for Life*, where he played an inveterate criminal, and Muhammad Bakri, as an Arab convicted of terrorism, who played a similar part in Costa Gavras' *Hanna K.*, shot in Israel last year.

The script is not based on fact, but was certainly inspired by front-page news in the Israeli press over the few years. One of the characters, a kibbutz-born officer sentenced to prison for contacting the enemy, played by Assi Dayan, may remind many of the Udi Adiv case.

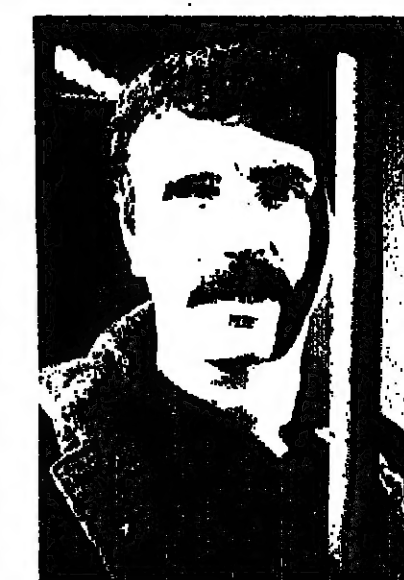
FRANK PIERCE, director of Warner's European division, who saw the film about a week before the Cannes Festival, decided to buy it

and the same is true of *The Bride*, which has just finished shooting. Both films were in English.

Beyond the Walls however, was a purely Israeli venture from the first moment, shot in Hebrew (with a considerable amount of Arabic dialogue). No concessions had to be made during production, for no foreign factor was involved at that time. Now Warner intends to prepare a version dubbed in English for the American market, but at the same time it will also distribute the original Hebrew version with English subtitles.

While the impact of *Beyond the Walls* on the international market will depend very much, according to Pierce, on the success it has with critics worldwide, it is nevertheless true that for Israelis it represents a big step forward.

No channel of distribution can compare with the major U.S. film companies and thus, even if the film's commercial success is moderate, there is a good chance that it will reach more screens than is customary for Israeli products.



Youssef Abdelnour in "Beyond the Walls", a purely Israeli production.

The movie, produced by Rudi Cohen for April Films, was financially aided by the fund for the promotion of quality films in Israel.

Legendary

ROCK, ETC. / David Horovitz

IT'S SOME three years now since Robert Nesta Marley, the man who virtually single-handedly introduced the world to reggae, passed away.

To mark the occasion, the General Music Company has brought out *Legend*, a collection of Marley's greatest songs, including "One Love," a previously unreleased number currently making its way up the British charts.

Marley's following in Israel has grown considerably since his death. This anniversary was marked with a television special, radio interviews with his widow Rita, and a Tel Aviv get-together in his honour. For those still to get into his music, *Legend* is an ideal introduction.

ANOTHER General Music release is Howard Jones' debut album, *Human's Lib*. Mr. Jones has brought out three singles from this collection in the UK - most notably "What is Love" - and each has shot up the charts.

Human's Lib, however, doesn't stand up as well as the singles do. Jones relies too much on synthesizers, which makes for a rather disappointing, colourless album.

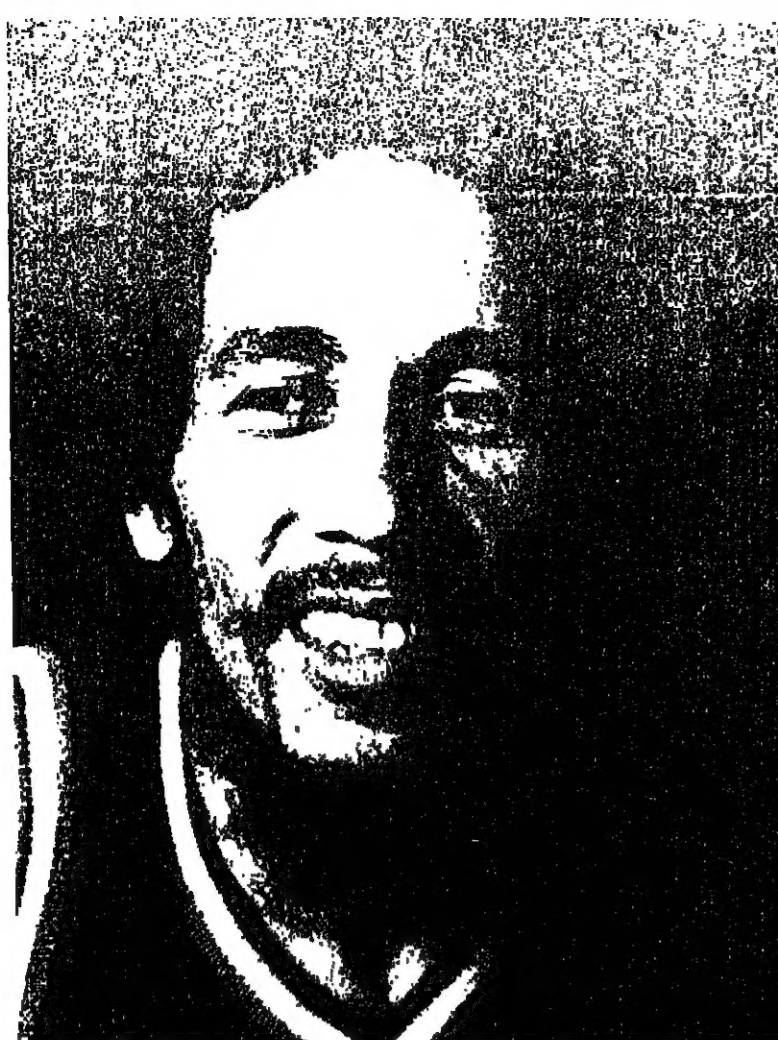
"What is Love" also turns up on *Born 84* (Hed Arzi), a compilation

album featuring some of the most popular songs of the year so far. Included are Culture Club's "Miss You Blind," Thompson Twins "Doctor, Doctor," and Frankie Goes to Hollywood's notorious "Relax."

Also just released are Laurie Anderson's new album, *Mister Heartbreak*, with contributions from Peter Gabriel and Adrian Belew, and an LP from Taco, who redid "Putting on the Ritz" last year, call *Let's Face the Music*.

NEWS FOR Springsteen fans is that Bruce's new album should be out within the next month or two. It's reportedly called *Born in the USA*, and features the same E Street Band as played on *The River*, with the exception of guitarist Miami Steve, who's left to work with his own group. Also around the corner is a new Elvis Costello album.

SHORTLY AVAILABLE in Israel is this year's edition of *Rock Yearbook*, edited by Al Clark (Virgin, 224 pp. £6.95). With reviews of albums, an over-view of last year's rock events, and well-written evaluations of the biggest acts of the year, the yearbook is about the best



publication of its kind available.

The *Concise Paul Simon Complete* (Beccles and London £9.50) contains 82 of Simon's best-known

songs, complete with music and "easy" guitar chords. Easy for some, maybe! While a bit skimpy on the illustrations and somewhat over-

priced, the book is recommended to guitar-playing Simon and Garfunkel followers.

Congratulations to Bill Goldman on winning my Alan Parsons Project competition, and spotting my mistake. The autographed album is on its way. D.H.

THE LATEST Beatles bio, *The Love You Make*, by Peter Brown and Steven Gaines (Signet, 418 pp., \$4.50), only confirms the suspicion that we're never going to get the entire story with proper detail and interpretation under one cover. This recent best-seller by a Beatles business manager and a rock journalist is heavy on scandal (cash pay-offs in brown paper bags, the boys' venereal diseases, John's heroin), but mighty light in more significant areas.

Chief object of neglect is the music, with nary a word about the how and the why of what the Beatles were all about. If one didn't know better, one could easily get the impression that the four Liverpudlians happened to be phenomenally successful manufacturers of gum boots.

But given the number of inaccuracies in *The Love You Make*, perhaps the more neglected is, the better. Names are frequently wrong (Elvis' biographer Albert Goldman is called Al Goodman, Melinda Cox on occasion is Belinda Cox, etc.). So many dates are dubious that they undermine the text's credibility.

Philip Norman's *Shout!* remains the most informative bio, while Hunter Davies' sanitized and "authorized" *The Beatles* remains the best-written account. M.L.K. □

The only one in the stable

BETWEEN ACTS / Pearl Miller

YEHOAM GAON'S newest album, *Middle of the Road*, a collection of what he calls middle-of-the-road singing and songs, went on sale this week. If the album sounds different from others, it may be because Gaon himself produced it, taking six months out to work personally with the lyricists, composers, and arrangers.

"I've been with CBS for 30 albums," he said, "and they've always treated me great. I was always the top man in their stable of stars. But I wanted to be the only one in the stable, so I went out on my own. We didn't fight. I liken it to the son who leaves the Old Country to try life in Palestine. If he succeeds, he stays. If the malaria and heat get to him, he comes home."

Three of the *Middle of the Road* singles have already become hits on radio. In the *Orchards* with words by Nurit Hersh and Yoram Tahar-Lev, *You Never Get the Best of Me* with words by Naomi Shemer, and *Love At My Age* with words by Yair Kliger and Yoram Tahar-Lev.

Probably the most exciting phase of production for Gaon was arranging the finished product. "Whoever arranges a song today can make or break you," he believes. "Instead of working with the playback of a song already arranged, I worked directly with the arranger and four musicians. Together we decided to add another instrument, to add a chorus. As a result, it took three weeks to complete each arrangement. But it

seems to me that this way each song gets the best treatment. By the time we'd finished arranging, each song had already been recorded nine or 10 times. Sometimes we'd choose one of the early versions, sometimes the final cut."

Gaon has just completed filming on the second season of *Krovim*, *Krovim* (Nearest and Dearest) Israel's first-ever indigenous situation comedy. Gaon attributes the success of the popular series to producer Risha Tirman, director Izhak Shauli and the ITV's very open minded director general. The third season, he says, will be even more satirical and topical than the second which tackled such subjects as the various ethnic communities, Arab labour and income tax.

Gaon is due to tour the U.S. in June. To his great joy and great distress, audiences there are getting bigger and bigger. He also has a book coming out soon which includes the words to all his most popular songs, as well as a short commentary on how each came into being.

FRENCH pianist Richard Clayderman is due back next week for the long-promised concert tour. He will perform five, possibly six times, at the Mann Auditorium and the Roman amphitheatre in Caesaria. He will be accompanied by a 15-piece orchestra, 10 of them members of the Philharmonic. Impresario Yehuda Talit says that most of the tickets have already been sold.

FROM BRITISH director Lewis Gilbert's *Not Quite Jerusalem*, set in Eilat, to Israeli director Avi Nesher's *Rage and Glory* set in Tel Aviv, local filmmakers are celebrating. The reason is the announcement, made last Thursday from the Cannes Film Festival, that Warner Brothers has acquired the right to distribute internationally director Uri Barabasi's new feature *Beyond the Walls*. (For details see Dan Fainaru's report from Cannes).

The film was previewed here two weeks ago for a representative of Warners who flew here specially from London.

Spurred by reports received while *Beyond the Walls* was in production, which indicated that though the film dealt with tough subject matter it was both gripping and technically well done, the rep also wanted to take a look at another film rumoured to be both very interesting and very well made. But Avi Nesher preferred not to show *Rage and Glory* until he had filmed the final scenes.

Most of the Stern Gang epic had been shot by late March, at which point cast and crew took a six-week break to allow cameraman David Gurfunkle to fulfill a previous commitment to Menahem Golan, who was making *Mama Hari* in Hungary. Nesher used the time to edit all his footage and this week directed the film's big action scenes in which the Stern Gang tries to blow up a British military installation.

Nesher, who scored a box office coup with his first Israeli feature, *The Troop*, which tells the story of life in an army entertainment corps, spent a great deal of time interviewing former members of the Lehi, the Jewish underground. Consisting of barely 300 members, Lehi was one of a handful of Jewish paramilitary organizations that sprang up during or immediately following the Arab insurrection of 1936-9. It's founder, Abraham Stern, had been influenced by Mussolini when studying in Florence, and became convinced

that Britain's presence in Palestine was inimical to the future development of a Jewish National Homeland. He placed the group's emphasis on an anti-British rebellion.

The \$700,000-film, which opens after Stern is killed by the British, stars Juliano Nemer as Edi the Butcher, a character based on Dov the Blond and two other gang members. Other characters include Dafna (Hana Azulai) a composite of Geula Cohen and Dov the Blond's wife; Shimon (Yali Bergman) who is based on Shimon Rubovitch; Slonim (Lior Nachman) who is based roughly on Israel Eldad and Nata Yellin-Mor and the British intelligence officer Kane (Barry Langford) who is based on Colonel Farn.

Other important parts are played by Yigal Naor, Roni Pinkovitch, Rona Fried, Tuvia Gelber, British actors Johnny Phillips and Joseph Bee.

IF 1984 goes down as the year Israeli quality cinema got its first major international break, it may also be the year of the Israeli-Arab actor.

Mohammed Bakri from Kfar Baneh in Galilee gives a superb performance in *Beyond the Walls*, while Juliano Nemer is the son of a Jewish mother and Christian Arab father, the latter a high-ranking official in the Israeli Communist Party. Makram Khoury, a Christian Arab from Haifa who played the Syrian Jewish father in Nissim Dayan's TV mini-series *Moshe Ezra Safran* and Sons is slated to have the lead in Dayan's upcoming feature, *A Very Narrow Bridge*.

Judd Ne'eman's *Fellow Travellers*, which also stars Bakri, is the only Israeli film which will participate in Filmex, Los Angeles' prestigious festival. The movie, which tells the story of an Israeli who returns home from Germany carrying a donation with which to start an Arab university, was less well received locally than it was abroad. The feature also competed in Berlin

and Melbourne and will represent Israel in Corsica.

Next month a new cinema, the Renoir, opens in Tel Aviv, located at the French Institute on Hayarkon Street. The first film screened will be Serge Ankr's *Burning Land*, produced by YNYL. Until recently the movie house was used by the French embassy as a cinema. The new managers, Channel 2 Inc., hope to turn the Renoir into a house for quality cinema.

CANNON, which for the past year has been overwhelming the international film industry with its massive advertising campaign, this month broke all records by taking out 59 of the first 77 pages of Variety's Cannes edition. The next largest spread comes from Roger Corman's New World Films which took 12 pages. Cannon's ads include the announcement of 15 new features to be made in 1984-1985, starring such names as Sylvester Stallone, Charles Bronson, Chuck Norris, Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Kristel, and Jaclyn Smith.

The big news from Cannon is that the company has finally scored a major commercial hit with Yoel Zilber's *Breakdance*, due to open locally in a fortnight. The film grossed \$6.6m during its first three days of release in America; the first Golan-Globus film to do so well in the U.S. Cannon also finally has an artistic, if not commercial, hit with John Casavettes *Love Streams*, which won a Silver Bear at Berlin.

CURRENTLY at the Tel Aviv Sheraton's piano bar is Mark Cowling who hails from Winchester in England, and sings in French, Spanish and English. Having spent a great deal of the past few years freezing in Scandinavia and Northern Europe, Cowling came to Israel from Bermuda, where he went seeking the sun and found only rain. He performs nightly and plays requests from Scott Joplin to Elton John.

THE SQUARE where Tel Aviv's Habima Theatre stands is hardly hidden away.

"There is our national theatre," says the taxi driver as he fights the traffic. The tourists crane their necks to look at the tattered facade of the building, whose glass face-lift has made it indistinguishable from a host of others in the area. They are hardly given a chance to glance down those stately old avenues, Sderot Rothschild and Sderot Ben-Zion.

Even if they did, they'd probably not take a second look at the White Gallery, a restaurant disguised as an art exhibition, on the corner. It's a pity, because its modest exterior hides a large and pleasant interior, where one feels that the exhibits of photographs are mounted to give credibility to the name.

A young and very pleasant waitress, in a sort of gypsy garb, brought the bilingual menu, listing a wide variety of salads, quiches and omelettes. She told us there were also a number of meat dishes not shown on the menu.

I OPENED my meal with a bowl of kreplach soup. The broth itself was well-seasoned and the kreplach, filled with chopped chicken, were plump and tender, without being doughy. Indeed, they showed a very fine hand at noodle-making by someone in the kitchen.

Far different in character, but just as tasty was my companion's *tarator* soup. Here, shredded cucumber was stirred into a chilled yoghurt, seasoned with mint and dill. I believe I also detected a hint of garlic, but that might have just been wishful thinking.

Since the day was a hot one, I also

Gallery food



MATTERS OF TASTE

Haim Shapiro

used this as an opportunity to try the new Budweiser beer produced in Israel. The beer was not a particular favorite of mine when I lived in the U.S., but I found it light and crisp and rather pleasing, even if I still prefer Goldstar.

For my main course, I ordered tongue, one of the items not listed on the menu. The meat was tender and tasty, with a pleasant sauce that also included dill. On the platter were an enormous helping of rice noodles, one of the many types of small pasta known in Yiddish as farfel, a large

piece of fried cauliflower and, on the side, a generous portion of vegetable salad. CLEARLY, the little gallery has not heard of *nouvelle cuisine*, with one item tastefully arranged in the centre of a large, otherwise empty plate. Here, they are still concerned with giving you plenty of rib-sticking food

to keep you happy. This came as a bit of a surprise. The initial impression was one of a place where they specialize in small portions and lots of atmosphere.

Indeed, my only complaint is about the salad, which came with a large glob of the mayonnaise-and-ketchup mixture known, for reasons buried in culinary history, as Russian dressing. How much nicer would have been a judicious seasoning with vinegar and olive oil.

My companion tried the spinach and cheese quiche, a lovely dish, also

very generous, with a crust, a thick layer of spinach purée, and a creamy custard-cheese topping. The salad alongside had the same dressing.

It was very greedy of us, but we couldn't resist the temptation of dessert. When I asked about the ice-cream, the waitress told me it was not home-made, but added that it was a very fine commercial variety. I tried it and could vouch that if no one had actually made it in the kitchen, thought had at least been given to what was being purchased.

But the pride of the meal was my companion's cheese cake. This was not the thick, heavy, New York variety, but a lighter-than-air creation of crumb crust and miraculously smooth cheese and cream, all just waiting to melt in your mouth.

Having had a choice of filter coffee or espresso, I chose the latter, finding it quite good.

The bill came to IS 3,515.

IN THESE DAYS of food processors and blenders, it is no wonder that cold cucumber soup is so popular. It is refreshing, easy to make, and does not have to be fattening.

Simply chop fine, or grate coarsely, three or four peeled cucumbers and mix with a large container or two of yoghurt. Finely chop a few leaves of mint and a little dill and stir it in. If you like, add a grated onion or a well-crushed clove of garlic. Season with salt and white pepper, mix well, chill and serve.

The fact that you have no yoghurt in the house should not deter you from making this soup. Simply substitute leben mixed, if you like, with sour cream. To give the whole thing an intriguing pink tint, mix in a grated cooked beet.

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

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The restaurant is open
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We also do private parties
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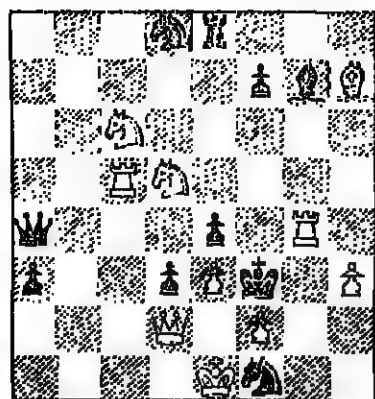
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CHESS

Elihu Shahaf

Problem No. 3174
URI AVNER, Ramat Gan
1st prize, Mar. 1979



White mates in two (10-10)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3172
(Aloni). 1.Nc1! threat 2. Qh2! 1.-
Nd5 2.Nd3; 1.- Nd4 2.Nc4.

FOUR WAY TIE IN TEL AVIV
HAIM DROR of Kiryat Anavim,
Mark Kotliar of Tel Aviv, Emir
Retter of Jerusalem and Yitzhak
Ben Menahem of Hod Hasharon
shared honours in the weekend
tournament organized by the Tel
Aviv Bikurei Hashalom Youth Centre.
Each scored 4½ points out of five
games. The tie-break favoured

Haim Dror, who was awarded the
cup.

There was a multiple tie for
second place between Haim Nof of
Hahorshon, Michael Gutik, Rafi
Penzit, Michael Karp, Vitali Pismani
and Oren Shabat, all of whom
garnered 4 points.

The revelation of the tournament
was 12-year-old Yonah Boim of Petah
Tikva, who scored 3½ points and
beat veteran International Master
Moshe Czerniak. The latter was
among the players who garnered 3½
points. The event was ably directed
by Yohanan Aick and Ahnag Bur-
stein.

KARPOV WINS IN OSLO
WORLD CHAMPION Anatoly
Karpov won the Oslo international
tournament, scoring 6 points out of 9
games. Tied for second were Tony
Miles of England and Sergei Makar-
ichev of the USSR.

NATIONAL TEAM
CHAMPIONSHIP
THE OVERALL standings in the
Second Division after the 7th round
were as follows: Beersheba 11 and
Bank Leumi, 19½; Tel Aviv Youth
Centre 11 and Haifa Lusker, 19;
Herzliya, 18(5); Rishon LeZion, 18;
Jerusalem Rubinstein, 16½(5);
Ramat Gan 11, 16; Kiryat Ata, 12½;
Petah Tikva, 12 points.

ISRAEL CHAMPIONSHIP 1984
THE ENCOUNTER between Israel
champion Alon Grinfeld and his

deputy Yehuda Grinfeld was one
of the most attractive in the recent
national championships.

Y. GRINFELD A. GRINFELD
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.Bb5 a4 4.Ba4
Nf6 5.0-0 Be7 6.Ne1 h5 7.h3 d6
8.e3 0-0-0 Re8 9.Bd4 Bb7 11.a4 h6
12.Nb2 B13 13.Be2 e4 14.a4 Nb4
15.Bb1 e5 16.a5 g6 17.Nf1 Bg7
18.ab5 ab5 19.Ra8 Qa8 20.Bd1 Nd7!
21.Qd2 Qa1 22.e5 Ne5 23.Ne5 de5
24.d6 Qa8 25.d7 Rb8 26.Bc5 Nd5!
27.Bg7 Kg7 28.Nc3 Rd7 29.Ng1 Qh8
30.Bd1 h5 31.Ne5 Rd6 32.b4! c4!
33.Ng1 g6 34.Bd5 Bd5 35.Qd4 R16
36.Qd5 Q17 37.Rc1 Qd6. Draw.

The game Grinfeld-Sternberg,
played two rounds later, was identical
with the above game until White's
19th move. But here Black failed to
find the correct line and lost.

19.- Ba8! 20.Bd2 Na6 21.Qc1 h5
22.Bh4 Bg8 23.Ng3 e4 24.Qd4 Ne5
25.Bg5 Bg7 26.Rd1 Na7 27.Rd2
Qe7 28.Kh2 b4 29.Nd4 e3 30.Bc3
Nc3 31.Bc2 Re8 32.Qd4 Rcd3 33.Bb3
Re5 34.f4! Re3 35.Nf3 Ng4 36.h4 f6
37.g5! f5 38.Ng5 Bf6 39.hg6.
Black resigns.

EUROPEAN JUNIOR
CHAMPIONSHIP
VALERY SALOV of the USSR,
who won the European Junior
Championship, defeats in fine style
the Dutch representative in the
game below.

PEELER
1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 g6 3.Nc3 d5 4.Nd3 Bg7
5.Bf4 0-0 n.e5 c5 7.d5 Ne4 8.Rc1

Ne3 9.b3 d4 10.0-0 Rb8 11.Bc4
Nd7 12.Rc7 Rb8 13.c6 b6 14.Nd4
Be5 15.Ba5 Bb7 16.Ne1 Rb8
17.Rb1 Ra8 18.0-0 Bb8 19.Ng5 Rb8
20.f4 Bb6 21.Rb8 Nb8 22.f5 Be5
23.Rc3 g5 24.Nf7 f4 25.Ng5 Kh8
26.Ne4 Nd7 27.Ne5 Ne5 28.Rc7 Ne4
29.Be5 Nf6 30.f4 e5 31.Rd3 Be6
32.g4 h6 33.g5 h5 34.f5. Black
resigns.

ART OF ATTACK
White - Kh1; Qc5; Rd1; Rh1; Bb6;
Pa2, b2, e4, g2, h2, (10).
Black - Kg8; Qb1; Rg8; Rf8; Bc8;
Pa7, e6, g7, h7, (9). Black to play.
1.- Qd2 2.Bc8 Qd3 3.Kel Qc3
4.Kh1 Qe4. White resigns.
(Matkevich-Zaitzev, USSR, 1969.)

BRILLIANT TOUCH
White - Kh1; Qd1; Re1; Rb8; Ba3;
Pb2, d5, f4, g2, h3, (10).
Black - Kh7; Qa7; Rb8; Bc8, Bg7;
Nc4; P17, g3, g6, (9). Black to play.
1.- Bh3! 2.Qf3 2.g4 Qf2; on
2.Rb8 Bg2 3.Kg2 Qf2 4.Kh3 Qh2
5.Kg4 B5 6.Kg5 Qh6x2.- Qf2 3.Be5
Qf3 4.gf Rb2 5.Rb2 Nd2 6.Re3 Nf3!
White resigns. (G11-B101,
Copenhagen, 1982.)

COUP DE GRACE
White - Kh1; Qh6; Rd1; Rh1; Pa2;
b2, d4, e4, g2, h4, (10).
Black - Kg8; Qc7; Rb8; Rf8; Pa6;
d6, e7, f7, g6, h5, (10). Black to play.
1.- Rb2! and White resigned in
view of 2.Kb2 Rb8 3.Ka1 Qa5x or
3.Ka1 Qc3x. (Ilurme-Nunn, Hel-
sinki, 1983.)



ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Kh1; Qa7; Bb3; Nf1; Pa2;
h3, h2, (7).
Black - Kh7; Qf4; Rg8; Ph7, d5, f3,
h5, (7). Black to play.
1.- Qf2 2.Bg2 2.Qb7 Kh8 3.Ng3
Qf3 4.Bg2 f10) 2.- Qf3! White
resigns. (Stoltz-Kotov, Stockholm,
1952.)

ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Ke2; Rd1; Ne3; Pa2, b2, c3,
f3, g4, h2, (9).
ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Kg6; Ph2, h4, (3). Black -
Kf3; Pg7, (2).
1.Kf5! Kg2 2.h5 Kh3 3.Kg5! and
wins. (Textbook study by N. Grigor-
iev, 1932.)

These galleries are symptomatic
of the times. Owned and operated by
young artists they revert back to a
pioneering spirit based on self-help
and self-realization, an ideal owing
nothing to the establishment and
asking little in return. The work
exhibited at this juncture seems to be
secondary to the concepts and vision
of the gallery directors.

Uri Dotan's Xerox drawings are
vivid and honest anti-art images
wrapped in political and social satire
reminiscent of Groux and Matisse.
The black and white graphic colla-
tions are the centrepieces around
which revolve an uninspiring photo
installation and three large gouache
paintings on paper with mechanical
figures standing graffiti-like in a pool
of rich and flat oranges and purples.
Ira Merom shows large gouache on
paper murals in the new figurative
expressionist style that capture and
reassemble bits of Beckmann,
Rouault, Matisse and Japanese self-
flicks. Merom's pictures are stacked
full of seedy lust, fear, and subcon-
scious dream sequences placing man
between industrial technology and
the netherworld. Each painting is an
uncontrolled frenzy that defies time
or space. The compositions are a
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IN A four-person show Miriam-
Gambard's bent, folded, and ham-
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THE fine
gesture

PINHAS COHEN-GAN again
weighs in with his familiar symbols
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Gilat Gallery, Pinsker 4, J'lem). 5-7
p.m. only. MEIR RONNEN

Pinhas Cohen-Gan: Mizrach
(Sara Gilat Gallery, Jerusalem).

Out from under

Gil Goldfine

SLOWLY BUT surely, there seems
to be emerging in Tel Aviv an inner-
directed avant garde movement
based in an underground community
that is very much above ground
when it comes to making art state-
ments. Radiating from the Ramat
Hasharon Teachers College, the Tel
Aviv High School for Art and even
the Bezalel Academy, there are
several score young artists who are
flooding the street with brave, not
always good (indeed generally poor)
paintings, sculptures, prints and
mixed media installations. The need
to break with the establishment and
seek alternate exhibition space saw
Gallery Ahad Ha'am rise and flour-
ish, to be followed now by Shen-On
and Tat-Ramah, a double gallery in
the Rehov Shenkin commercial
area. (Tat-Ramah means "Below
Standard").

These galleries are symptomatic
of the times. Owned and operated by
young artists they revert back to a
pioneering spirit based on self-help
and self-realization, an ideal owing
nothing to the establishment and
asking little in return. The work
exhibited at this juncture seems to be
secondary to the concepts and vision
of the gallery directors.

Uri Dotan's Xerox drawings are
vivid and honest anti-art images
wrapped in political and social satire
reminiscent of Groux and Matisse.
The black and white graphic colla-
tions are the centrepieces around
which revolve an uninspiring photo
installation and three large gouache
paintings on paper with mechanical
figures standing graffiti-like in a pool
of rich and flat oranges and purples.
Ira Merom shows large gouache on
paper murals in the new figurative
expressionist style that capture and
reassemble bits of Beckmann,
Rouault, Matisse and Japanese self-
flicks. Merom's pictures are stacked
full of seedy lust, fear, and subcon-
scious dream sequences placing man
between industrial technology and
the netherworld. Each painting is an
uncontrolled frenzy that defies time
or space. The compositions are a
conglomeration of elastic
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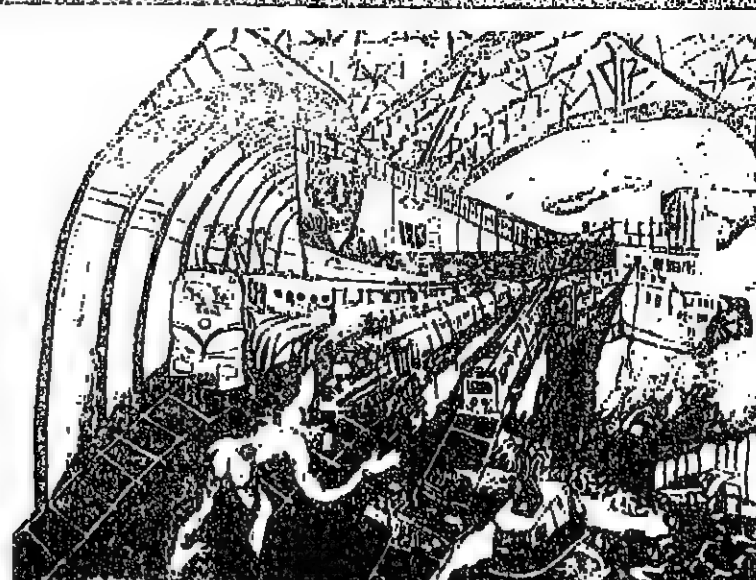
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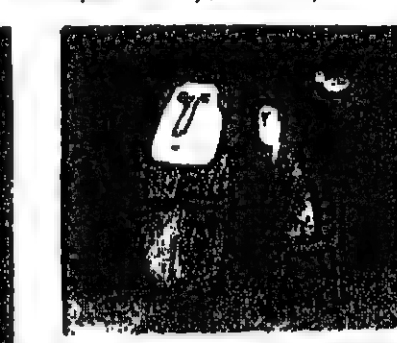
Pinhas Cohen-Gan: Mizrach
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Ira Merom: painting on paper (Tat Ramah Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Bram: oil painting (Open Gallery, Old Jaffa).



Tmima Zalutsky: painting (Safrai Gallery, Tel Aviv).

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RICHARD VANGER

Around the object in 80 years

Meir Ronnen

THE SPRING Festival in Jerusalem this year has burst into flower with a veritable explosion of exhibitions as well as performances. Last Friday the Israel Museum, with a little hoopla from some visiting minstrels, kicked off its mass happening. "80 Years of Sculpture in Israel," a show which has spilled over into various parts of the city and which is certainly the largest and most comprehensive show of Israeli sculpture ever seen here.

In addition, the Museum is currently displaying a magnificent, if somewhat grab-bag, collection of Islamic art; with the active encouragement of the Museum, it is drawing a large number of Arab visitors. The Museum has also unveiled its new Roman collection and is currently displaying a fine selection of original prints by Marc Chagall, all book illustrations. At the time of writing it was also readying its large Miro memorial show, which opened this week and which consists of a relatively large number of brightly coloured play sculptures of somewhat surrealist bent by the great Catalan master, as well as a fine selection of his graphic work. The works, all made between the years 1949-75, come from the Maeght Foundation and Maeght Gallery.

Next week the Israel Museum's Design Pavilion presents a show devoted to traditional Japanese peasant "packaging," as well as a display of "Pop" architecture. In addition the Museum continues with its large installation of works by visiting "image" artist Jonathan Borofsky; and another by our own Nahum Tevet.

Four Jerusalem galleries are also opening parallel shows of Israeli sculpture; and the Jerusalem Artists House has a massive show of paintings, drawings and cartoons dealing with the period of the War of Liberation, most of them made between 1947-49, about which more next week.

But to get back to the sculpture. There are about 100 participants, some represented with a number of works; others have works permanently sited in public places around the city.

Anyone with any halfway claim has been included; the jury (sculptor Dov Feigin, Curator Igal Zalmona and Art Adviser to the Mayor, Michael Levin) seem to have concentrated on selecting works rather than artists; but much of their selection was dictated to them by circumstance.

IF THERE'S one lesson that emerges from this gigantic exercise it is that the shock of the new is still the most pleasurable. The historical part of the show, mostly small works concentrated in the Museum's Goldmuntz gallery, is the dulllest, being for the most part a collection of skilled mediocrity.

Things perked up in the sixties and seventies, with the advent of Ben-Ami and later Buky Schwartz; the former in particular remains one of our most inventive minds. The mixture of minimalist

engineering and illusionism that characterized their work (and that of Shlomo Koren, and early Kadishman) subsequently gave way to what our theoreticians love to call "mythos," more lately a conscious turn to making works from the very sticks and stones and earth of the land. As with the "Canaanites" of 40 and more years ago, the language was ostensibly that of past indigenous cultures but is actually largely that of Documenta and international art fashion of the seventies, from earthworks to mock anthropology. Most of the new works installed outside the museum and on its entrance steps still fall into this category; others still fire off tired conceptual notions. Most of them have lost a capacity to interest and ability to shock.

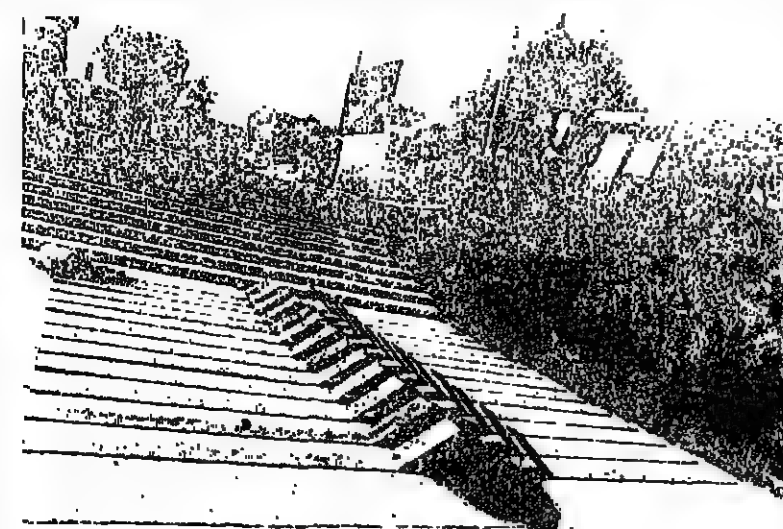
When you stop to think about it, Daniel Peralta's wooden construction, *ans mythos*, climbing down the museum plaza steps, is more of a sculptural form than young Ilan Averbach's nearby (sited lucky-for-him at the entrance to the Billy Rose Sculpture Garden) "Fata Morgana," a veritable theatre set of a ruined church, all hewn columns and shattered floor. Yet it is the latter's successful theatricality and sympathetic use of good wood that gives us the more satisfying aesthetic experience.

And then there are a few more outdoor curiosities in which the idea is more intriguing than the actual "work," like Dov Or Ner's gigantic Pershing missile made, paradoxically — or symbolically — of olive branches, wired together with the help of everyone on his kibbutz; and Serge Spitzer's positioning of a dummy Sherman tank on the roof of the Jerusalem Theatre, one of the other venues for contemporary works.

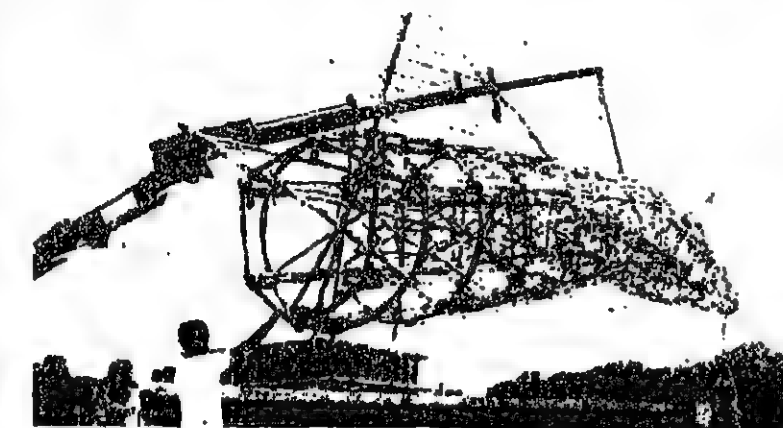
All in all, one wades through several different seas of sculpture but each sea tends to take on its own certain sameness of outlook; few make waves. Danziger's "Nimrod" now looks harmless; while next to it, a beautifully carved little ram's head, by Mordecai Gumpel, made in 1948-49, looks a lot more interesting. Chana Orloff remains as impressive as ever; there is a particularly fine stone carving of a woman (Hanna Rovina?) by her from 1935 at the recently opened downtown Ticho House, where other works are on show. Still impressive too is Ze'ev Ben Zvi, an early Bezalel teacher. Carving either wood or stone is rapidly becoming a thing of the past; there is only an echo of the use of cutting in the sundered and re-assembled pieces of the inventive Michael Giffin, one of which is on show in the Billy Rose Pavilion, which also houses an escape hatch construction by Serge Spitzer that is supposed to link up with his dummy tank.

The Rose Pavilion also houses a collection of irregular geometry by Pinhas Cohen-Gan and another tedious, if occasionally kinetic, conceptual piece by Zvi Goldstein, this year's inexplicable Sandberg Prize winner.

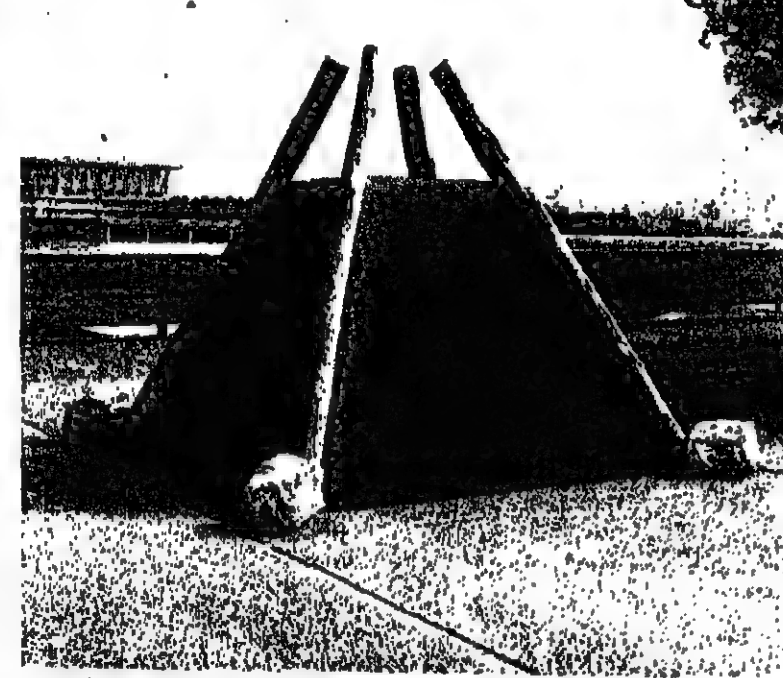
Why curators Tamar Goldschmidt, Michael Levin and Igal Zalmona chose to leave the Nahum Tevet installation on show at the end



Igal Tumarkin: "Corten, 1984", from "80 years of Israel Sculpture".



Dov Or Ner: "Pershing Rocket" (installation).



Ya'acov Hefetz: "Mashara 5" (Israel Museum).

Israel Museum photos by Nahum Slapak.

of the Goldmuntz Gallery is beyond me. It willy nilly becomes part of the grand display and thus draws a madly disproportionate amount of attention to one artist. Tevet has thus been unwittingly singled out for the lion's share of this great occasion, not because he in any way deserves it, but because the curators seem to be suffering from a sort of cultural whiteness resulting in temporary blindness. Incidentally, aspects of Tevet's installations are disturbingly close in idea to the installations of an Anglo-German sculptor seen at the last Documenta.

IF THERE are few real shocks of the new, there are few *frissons* at the Jerusalem Theatre foyer, which displays a number of semi-environments, some of them painted or moulded in the "New Art" or wild painting characteristic of the late seventies and the eighties. Theatrical

in character, some actually resemble stage sets or decor. I don't think any of these works are particularly great and some of them are stolen from art magazines and American museum toys. But a few of them work beyond the dramatic gesture and I liked them precisely because they are "different." But look at them a second or third time? Few stand the test. Even fewer will stand the test of time, perhaps even less well than some of the pathetically modest but honest carvings in the Goldmuntz Gallery.

The inescapable conclusion is that Israel is brimming over with talented, thoughtful sculptor-artists, all trained at our numerous art institutions and private schools in the reading of international art magazines. From Schatz to Danziger we can trace the work of only a dozen or so sculptors. Then came the art school, kibbutz school, teachers' col-

lege explosion. There are now thousands in the game; and hundreds who are exhibited at professional venues and/or at Tel Hai. This does not ensure, however, that in a few years they will look any better, or last as long, as such efficient but modest talents as, say, Rudi Lehman or Joseph Constant.

Of course one cannot forget that the scope of this show is provincial in scale and standard. I doubt if many outside this country would be moved by the "mythos" allegedly inherent in the work of Danziger; or be lost in admiration for such locally established figures as Shemi or Tumarkin. The earnestness with which our local historians categorize and theorize about the development of sculpture here is characteristic of the whole art industry today, a branch of the world economy which both nurtures and feeds upon a vast infrastructure of museums, curators, dealers, collectors, historians, teachers and in some cases, even critics. The shock of the new is always welcome but is often little more than that. It forcibly reminds me of Andy Warhol's most perceptive and often misconstrued dictum: that everyone can be famous for 20 minutes.

IT JUST isn't possible, not even for an experienced skimmer like myself, to get around for a good look at everything connected with "80 Years" in a day or two; and some events are still to be seen, like several sculptural(?) happenings to take place in the Liberty Bell Garden on Sunday and Monday, when Adina Bar On, Eli Dor Cohen and Motti Mizrahi will present performances. Also, Micha Ullman is doing something with the historical cable that lifted supplies to the beleaguered Israel forces holding the Dormition on Mt. Zion during the War of Independence. It is going to be several weeks before one can take a long look at the show, which will be on view for two months.

A useful catalogue-cum-pamphlet containing a map of all the permanent outdoor sculpture in Jerusalem and another detailing those throughout the country, is being distributed with the show. The catalogue reproduces the text of a symposium in which artists and curators discuss the parallel search for both universality and local roots; and there are three very good no-nonsense articles: "80 Years etc." by Igal Zalmona; "10 New Sculptures in Jerusalem" by Michael Levin; and "Sculpture as Decor" by Gideon Ofrat. That the profusely illustrated catalogue was ready for the opening is a welcome innovation, but *caveat emptor*: a few of the pieces illustrated in the catalogue are not those on display. Nevertheless, the whole operation is enormously encouraging and everyone connected with it deserves a vote of thanks.

Finally, let me note some parallel events we cannot find space to cover in detail: a film marathon, largely devoted to contemporary American sculpture, will take place at the Jerusalem Cinematheque on May 30 from 10-5 p.m. A symposium on sculpture in space and space technology will take place at the Fisher Hall of Mishkenot Shaananim on Monday between 10-1 p.m. Exhibitions of Israeli sculpture are taking place at the Debel Gallery in Ein Karem; the Wlen Gallery in Yemin Moshe; the Nora Gallery in Rehavia; and at the Ipanema Gallery in Rehov Lincoln. Debbie Daleski, who is represented with an installation at the Jerusalem Theatre, is showing another at the Rotunda air raid shelter. *Yersher koiqich.*



Festival films at the Jerusalem Cinematheque: (Above) Ettore Scola's "Le Bal." (Below left) Alan Bates in "An Englishman Abroad." (Below right) "Ladies on the Rocks" from Denmark. (Bottom) Jack Gold's "Red Monarch."



Celebrating cinema

ORGANIZING the First International Film Festival in Jerusalem was something out of an Andy Hardy movie, admits Lia Van Leer, the director of the Jerusalem Cinematheque, who initiated the project: "You get together and say 'Let's

Marsha Pomerantz

have a show' — and then you start to discover all the problems."

But one way or another the small,

sturdy staff at the Cinematheque has managed to put together 100 films from 20 countries, with about five shows scheduled each day for three weeks. The festival opens on Sunday night with a midnight screening of Ettore Scola's *Le Bal* (1983), a

film without dialogue that reflects the history of French society in the microcosm of a dance hall. Like a number of other foreign films ordered for the festival, it will be distributed commercially in Israel later this year.

In various stages of its evolution, the project was going to be a Jewish film festival, in cooperation with the Diaspora Museum in Tel Aviv, and a festival of theatre-related films (since it coincides with the Israel Festival). Like the amphibian, the final product incorporates the gills of its earlier avatars, but it is much richer.

It differs from the usual screenings of the Cinematheque in that it offers mainly recent films, most of them not yet in the Cinematheque archives. "I hope Jerusalemites will treat it as a festival," says Van Leer. "I know they have to go to work and all that..."

PERHAPS scheduling it to coincide with the Israel Festival was *not* such a good idea, since theatre, dance and concerts are likely to be the first priority of Jerusalemites for spending time and money? That's a possibility, she says, but there will be lots of people from out of town, too, and anyway, "like all firsts, it's an experiment" in timing as well as conception.

The 5,000 members of the Jerusalem Cinematheque, and members of the cinematheques in Haifa and Tel Aviv, will have the first shot at tickets, which are 15500 a piece, one week in advance of screenings. The general public gets what's left on the day of the screening.

Israeli viewers should be warned that most of the films are either in English without subtitles or in foreign languages with English subtitles. A few of the films, including Fellini's *And the Ship Sails*, will have simultaneous translation into Hebrew, and a few, including Franco Zeffirelli's version of *La Traviata*, have Hebrew subtitles. Details are in the festival programme available at the Jerusalem Cinematheque. (Phone 02-715398 or 712192.)

THE GUEST LIST does not feature only celluloid stopping over on its way from one festival to another. It also includes some flesh-and-blood items:

Warren Beatty will come to close the festival and attend the screening of *Reds*, which he directed and starred in, on June 17. During the last week of the festival two of his other films — *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Bonnie and Clyde* — will be screened, but the dates are not yet final.

Lillian Gish (b. 1896) will be here for the screening of *Broken Blossoms*, which she made in 1919, directed by D.W. Griffiths. A documentary about Gish will be screened on the same day, June 14.

Director John Schlesinger, whose credits include *Midnight Cowboy*, *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, *Day of the Locusts* and *Marathon Man*, will attend the June 2 screening of *An Englishman Abroad*, a one-hour TV film about an encounter with Guy Burgess.

Englishman, among the films screened in a preview for journalists last weekend, is based on a real incident which occurred when the Old Vic visited Moscow in the '50s, after Stalin's death. It's a subtle depiction of the Communist spy put out to pasture in a Moscow housing development, still longing for the small material perfections of the English upper class. Burgess, played by Alan Bates, asks the actress Coral Browne, who plays herself, to come to lunch with a tape measure and order him a suit at his London tailor's.

Doesn't this attitude recall *Le Bal*'s depiction of dancing in Paris under the Occupation? "That's nasty," she says. "Today cinema is not entertainment. It's art, and we should have access to it."

Belgian director Andre Delvaux is coming for *Benvenuta* — a film about lust which is based on a novel about lust; the locations are Naples, Etna and Pompeii. The screening is scheduled for June 6, and on June 8 we are offered Delvaux's earlier documentary: *To Woody Allen from Europe with Love*.

UNLIKE other international festivals, this one involves no competition. "There's no market in Israel," says Lia Van Leer. "We're not built for a competitive festival with juries." She prefers to see this project as a "celebration of the cinema."

Though the film festival has no all-encompassing theme, it does have a few mini-themes. There are a number of films of Jewish interest — including Lily Rivlin's *The Tribe*, which is based on a reunion of her own family, with its 2,500 members, in 1980. (Among them are people in and out of Israel, for and against the Jewish State.) Another of the Jewish films is *The Passenger*, directed by Andrzej Munk and completed by Witold Lesiewicz after the director's death in the early '60s. The film depicts an encounter on an ocean liner between a former overseer in Auschwitz and one of the inmates who was under her control.

There will be five films from Britain's Channel Four, including one based on Dario Fo's *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, and the *Orestia* directed by Peter Hall and based on Tony Harrison's translation of the Aeschylus trilogy.

Films based on William Faulkner's books or made from scripts to which he contributed are another mini-theme, and the screenings will be complemented by two live performances tomorrow night of a dramatic monologue called *Oh, Mr. Faulkner, Do You Write?* The play, written by John Maxwell with Tom Dupree, and performed by Maxwell, draws on writings by and about Faulkner to present a portrait of the man on the day he learns he has won the Nobel Prize.

There are a number of jazz films to be screened in Liberty Bell Garden, admission free, and a series of Israeli films, including over a dozen shorts.

IF THIS year's festival evokes enough enthusiasm, the organizers want to make it an annual event. Lia Van Leer would like it to be a Mediterranean festival, but says "unfortunately, we can only get films from the Northern Mediterranean, not the Southern." An appeal to Egypt for films elicited the comment that it was "too early" for such cooperation. There are interesting Algerian films, she points out, and the Algerian archives stock all Arab-made films, including Palestinian. For the foreseeable future, none of that will be available in Jerusalem.

The budget, which was pieced together after the first cheques were written, comes from a variety of sources. Among those Lia Van Leer mentions are the Jerusalem Foundation, the Dorot Foundation, the Ministry of Education's Public Council for Culture and the Arts and — she hopes — the Municipality. One important source she doesn't mention is the Van Leer Foundation, which was established by the family of her husband Wim.

Should such a costly festival receive such high priority in our crisis-ridden country? "We must continue life as usual," she says. "We're always in some crisis."

Doesn't this attitude recall *Le Bal*'s depiction of dancing in Paris under the Occupation? "That's nasty," she says. "Today cinema is not entertainment. It's art, and we should have access to it."

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS885 per line including VAT; insertion every day of the month costs IS13,500 including VAT.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Opening Exhibition: Joan Miro, Sculptures (12.15 at 8 p.m.); Continuing Exhibitions: Marc Chagall, Book Illustrations; Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel: Window to Islam: Islamic culture, religion, science and Court life; Gallery of the Roman Period—reproduction of gallery and new finds: Nabum Tevet, Wall Statues and Models for Large Sculptures; Jonathan Borofsky, Environmental Sculpture and 3-Dimensional Painting, Face and Body, New Acquisitions in Photography: Tom Seidmann Freud, Illustrations of Children's Books; Scripts, Home Theatre Sets and Greeting Cards; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art; 12 Pages from Cairo Geniza—Medieval Manuscripts. Special Exhibitions: Floor Mosaic from Byzantine Farm. Masterpieces of Greek Pottery 6th Cent. Mosaic Floor. Ticho House: Works by Anna Ticho. Collection of Hanukkiot (open 10-4.30; Fri. 10.30-1.30). Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom Fortresses; News in Antiquities, Finds from Phoenician Tombs, 10th to 7th cent. B.C.E.; How to Study the Past (for children, Paley Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum). Closed Saturdays.

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Hebrew University:
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2. Mount Scopus Jews 11 a.m. from the Bronfman Reception Centre, Sherman Building. Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-682419.
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Haifa
What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640840.

Other Centres:
VIST The Weizmann House, Rehovot. The Weizmann House is open Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-3.30 p.m.; closed on Friday, Saturday and holidays. For group tours please book in advance by calling: 054-83230 or 83328.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS885 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs IS2,055 including VAT.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Opening Exhibition: How to Wrap Five Eggs, traditional Japanese packaging (29.5 at 8 p.m.); The Well-Built Elephant, popular American architecture (29.5 at 8 p.m.); Continuing Exhibitions: Joan Miro, Sculptures; Marc Chagall, Book Illustrations; Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel: Window to Islam, Islamic culture, religion, science and Court life; Gallery of the Roman Period, new finds and reproductions; Jonathan Borofsky, environmental sculptures and paintings; Face and Body, photographs; 12 Pages from Cairo Geniza; News in Antiquities, new finds from excavations; Tom Seidmann Freud, illustrations of children's books; Scripts, home theatre sets and greeting cards; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art. Special Exhibitions: Byzantine Farm Floor Mosaic, 7th century; Masterpieces of Greek Pottery, 6th century; Installations by Young Sculptors (from May 31); Ticho House: Anna Ticho Collection; Hanukkiot collection. Hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 10-4.30; Tue. 10-10; Fri. 10-1.30. Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom fortresses; News in Antiquities: Finds from Phoenician Tombs, 10th to 7th cent. B.C.E.; How to Study the Past (for children, Paley Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum). Closed Saturdays.

Old Yehuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6 Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of

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Galleries

Galerie Vison Nouvelle, Khutzot Hayotzer, Y.S. Hama. Original prints by International artists. Tel. 02-819944, 28011.
Yakov Greenvuvel Gallery. Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for connoisseurs of modern art. Sun.-Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. till 1 p.m. Khutzot Hayotzer, opposite Jaffa Gate.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUM

Tel Aviv Museum. New Exhibition: Nahum Gutman, pictures and book illustrations; White City, International Style Architecture in Israel. Continuing Exhibitions: Collections: Classical 17th and 18th century painting; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Century Art; Selection of Israeli Art; Twentieth and Thirties in Israeli Art; Special Loans incl. Paintings by Monet, Matisse, Picasso, Bonnard, Matisse, Rothko, Guttuso and others. Special Exhibit of Prints from Jerusalem Print Workshop. Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thur. 10-10; 10-2; 7-10; Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Exhibition: A Pear and an Apple, Still Life Exhibitions. Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thur. 9-1, 5-9; Sat. 10-2; Fri. closed.

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THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

NAHUM GUTMAN

Gutman the artist grew with Tel Aviv; his stories and some of his pictures form a kind of history of the city, but are not confined to Tel Aviv. Many of his paintings depict Jaffa, its bustling and sensuous life, its orange groves and people, while other paintings portray Tiberias and Safed, landscapes of the Galilee, and seascapes. Gutman's paintings as well as his stories are memories of another Israel, belonging to the past. The exhibition includes about 130 works, as well as illustrations and a selection from over one hundred books illustrated by the artist. The pictures were selected from the collection of the artist's family, and from private and museum collections. Many of the works will be exhibited for the first time. The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.

WHITE CITY - International Style Architecture in Israel

The exhibition documents and explains an era of great importance in Israeli architecture, one which was also part of a world-wide trend. It illustrates the local and regional components which were incorporated into buildings of the International Style, a style which served as a point of departure for modern architecture in Israel and whose implications are still discernible to this day. The exhibition is comprised of two parts: the first one, A Portrait of an Era, includes photographs and building plans accompanied by explanations. Two models built especially for the exhibition demonstrate the special qualities of that period's architecture. The second part of the exhibition includes photographs of houses and of architectural details. These were taken by Judith Turner, a photographer from New York who specializes in artistic architectural photography. The exhibition is sponsored by the George Weeserman Foundation, Washington, D.C., and Mordachai Kiviat Foundation.

COLLECTIONS

CLASSICAL 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY PAINTING; IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM; 20TH CENTURY ART; A SELECTION OF ISRAELI ART; THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES IN ISRAELI ART.

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THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA, Beethoven, Conductor: Noam Sheriff; soloist: Harry Spensay, bass-clarinist. Programme: works by Correll, Kopitman, Van Kullen, Mozart. Saturday, 28.5, at 9.00 p.m.

TRIO KEREN. Yosef Rabin, horn; Elyakim Saltzman, violin; Riki Sporer, piano; with Chana Zur, contralto. Programme: works by Duvemoy, Bartok, Toller, Brahms. Tuesday, 28.5, at 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA

THE STATE OF THINGS (Portugal/Hollywood, 120 min., black and white. English with Hebrew and French subtitles). Awarded the Golden Lion Prize of the 1982 Venice Film Festival. Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.; Saturday, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.

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The fourth annual STREITZ LECTURE

To be delivered by

DR. PATRICIA CRONE

on

THE NATIVIST PROPHETS OF EARLY ISLAMIC IRAN

The lecture will take place on Thursday, May 31, 1984, at 6 p.m. in Hall 01, the Rosenberg Bldg. Ramat Aviv Campus.

The public is invited.

ONE OF the legacies of the Hitler period to the German people is an ambivalent attitude towards authority, which is often equated with authoritarianism. The half past middle-aged, the Hitler Youth at the time of the collapse, have a fear-induced respect; whereas the attitude of the under fifties, those too young at the time to assume the burden of guilt, ranges from mistrust to downright hatred.

The most visual and immediate manifestation of this authority in daily life is the police, which bears the brunt of this turbulent exorcism of the Nazi past. Their denigrators are the intelligentsia, the alternative lifestyle people and the universities, with the masses uncaringly enjoying the spin-offs of the *wirtschaftswunder*.

The judiciary, completely discredited by its corruption in the Nazi period after a mild post-war weeding-out, diffidently carried on their task, but in the Sixties and Seventies they were replaced by a new, younger crop, the product of the permissive post-Nazi student fermentation, doubting the value, and often the legality, of the laws they were supposed to implement.

It was the unenviable task of the police, caught between a disenchanted judiciary and the recalcitrant radicals, to maintain law and order. All this led to many bloody confrontations, exacerbating the schism between citizens and authority. The resulting tumult provided a field-day for the media, more often than not bent on stoking the fires of confrontation. "The judges and prosecutors of today are the rebels of the Fifties and Sixties. Some feel guilty for having deserted their youthful idealism; others may have residual sympathies. It does not make our task any easier," said a police spokesman.

MY REQUEST to join the patrol cars of the Berlin police force was therefore being processed with caution, especially since it came from Israel.

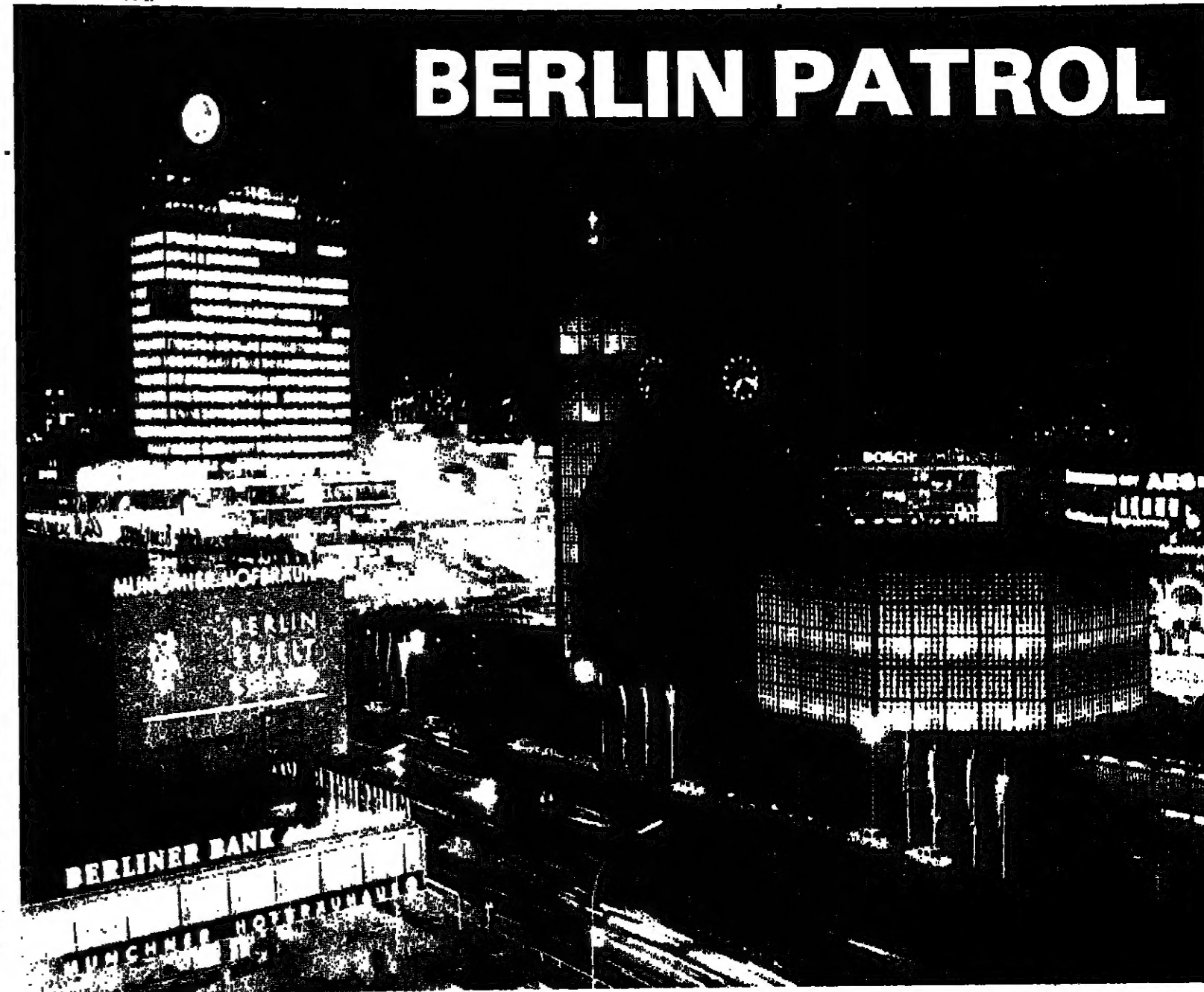
Chief Inspector Tettner subtly tests my attitude towards the force. To win his confidence I have brought copies of my night rides with the Houston, Harlem, Belfast, Paris and London police. Satisfied with my attitude, he talks statistics which he has at his fingertips and which I have collated for comparison with the Jerusalem statistics. This shows that the West Berlin force has proportionately, 2.4 times as many uniformed police as the Jerusalem force; 6.6 times as many motor vehicles; 1.5 times as many dogs; and 1.7 times as many horses. In the relevant period, there were 3.15 times as many cars in the Berlin area as in the Jerusalem area, and 2.23 times as many traffic tickets were issued.

Anything else I want to know? Yes, is Berlin a criminal town? It is. It is also a nervous town, being an island at the terminus of a fragile umbilical autobahn through the D.D.R. It is the exposed end of German resistance to Communist encroachment, aware of its inter-laced with hostility. Thirteen per cent of the population are foreign workers.

What about the Israel mafia in drugs, prostitution and protection rackets? "Let's not talk about that," he grimaces. "Let's say we are getting our share."

What is the main problem? Lack of budgets. I seem to have heard that song before.

I HAVE shown preference for the rougher sections of Berlin and have been allocated to working-class Kreuzberg and Schöneberg, both



Wim van Leer

sections containing a large number of *gastarbeiter*, many of whom are now unemployed. They receive 65 per cent of their last wages which in most cases is infinitely better than a working wage in their country of origin. But idleness in an alien land often leads to violence and crime.

It being the weekend one could, under normal circumstances, expect plenty of action. But it is the end of the month, pockets are empty, it is five degrees below zero, a fierce north wind drives in the cold drizzle and the streets are deserted, the odd hard-pressed prostitute taking shelter in the porticos; Schöneberg is crawling with small ethnic pubs with Yugoslav, Turkish and Arab names. But inside the well-equipped green minibus, call-sign Southwest 104, it is cozy and my companions, Sergeants Pfau and Hoffmann are respectfully informative.

So we cruise the deserted streets occasionally going into the typical Berlin courtyard surrounded by dilapidated working-class *Kaisers*.

First port of call a traffic accident. A drunken pedestrian crossing the main road has been hit by a Mercedes driven by a well-spoken Yugoslav. The old man, soaking wet in the gutter, is gently dragged to the pavement as the fire brigade, which operates Berlin's ambulance service, arrives. Inside the ambulance, the man reveals a deep head-wound, possibly a fractured cranium. He receives first aid in the stationary vehicle while my companions take the shocked driver's particulars. The old man had been carrying a paper bag containing a bottle

of *schnapps*, miraculously intact. Every cloud has a silver lining.

We follow the ambulance to the hospital where the man's pockets are searched for identification. Through an open door I observe a jeans-clad youth lying prostrate on a bench. He is dead drunk and from time to time a woman doctor or male nurse enters to administer five or six hard slaps in the face. This is to prevent him falling asleep and possibly choking on his tongue.

Our old man's identity established, we return to H.Q. where my companions prepare for an orgy of form-filling on typewriters. Their frozen fingers peck out four different forms in triplicate. When I call them "uniformed typists," they convulse, and speedily spread the *bon mot* among their colleagues. Fifty-five minutes after arrival we are back on our beat.

This time-wasting procedure robs the force of much of its effectiveness. The official justification is that the matter is fresh in their minds and the report therefore more accurate. The real reason is that the Berlin police force of 22,317 is grossly overstuffed.

But whereas every police force has the army as a fall-back in an emergency, the Berlin force is hamstrung by the four-nation agreements under which no German army units are permitted in West Berlin. When business is slow, the force suffers from underemployment, with over-administration taking up some of the slack. Parkinson's law in all its indolent splendour.

NEXT WE ARE called to the aid of a "helpless person", who turns out to be an amiable drunk sitting on the wet pavement in front of a large billboard, a bottle of booze by his side. When we pull up at the kerb he

tries to struggle to his feet, knocking over the bottle which rolls toward the gutter. He crawls after it on all fours in an attempt to rescue its precious contents. For arm's length inspection we turn on the searchlight illuminating the backdrop, which reads: "Coffee without tinned milk is like Tuesday without Dallas" — a scene worthy of Fellini.

We pass on our inebriate to another patrol. The last we see of him he is being deposited on the floor of the patrol-wagon, lovingly clutching the empty bottle for assurance and comfort.

And so on to Café Stern, which caters to the Borsam and Jetsam who make up Berlin's alternative lifestyle. Two men and a girl have been drinking a weird mixture of beverages and now refuse to pay the bill. They claim to have paid earlier on before there was a change of waiters, which the proprietors deny. One of the men is a *Herr Doktor*, albeit a scruffy one. The girl has no papers and the men refuse to show theirs.

They are arrested to be taken to the station. They protest loudly. In the face of epithets like *Bullen* (fuzz) *police state* and *criminals in uniform* — standard radical jargon — my companions behave with ultra-correct restraint.

They want to know what I, a civilian, am doing in the patrol. To prevent my being embarrassed or engaged in fatigues, the cops invite me into the cramped driving compartment. But since I am curious to know what the alternative lifestyle has to say for itself, I stay put and introduce myself as a journalist from Israel.

They promptly decide that I work for the CIA and they consider their arrest proof that the police are "the lackeys of the Pentagon." The doc-

tor explains with the aid of technical jargon, that the Berlin police, for all its notorious brutality, can learn a lot from Israel, which has developed a "truth serum" to make people confess.

Jocularly, I confirm this fact, adding that presently we shall know what and how much they drank and if they paid. The girl, taking me seriously, wants to know how the drug is administered. "By enema" I tell her, "in your case, straight into the brain." Which somehow relaxes the atmosphere.

Back at the station, I can see that the processing will take the best part of the night, so I join another patrol just pulling out.

ANOTHER "helpless person," this time a woman prostrate in a known thieves den. She is high on heroin and, having recently had a miscarriage, is hemorrhaging. She lies sprawled among the sneakers, boots and Wellingtons, the clients at the bar ignoring her plight as well as our presence. While the ambulance is on the way, we find at the far end a girl in her underwear asleep under a table. She is blue with cold.

"She's just sleeping it off," says the barmen. "She said she was a student. Never seen her before." We try and wake her to inspect her papers, but she is out for the count. We inspect her handbag, forcing the barmen to witness the act. A small syringe, a rubber band, some letters, a harmless drug prescription with her name and address. But no hard drugs. The ambulance arrives and we clear the space in front of the bar. The medics inspect her, take her blood pressure, then shuffle her onto a stretcher. My companions suggest they also take the girl under the table. They take a

(Continued on page 9)

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(Continued from page 9)

quick look and decide to leave well enough alone.

It is now 1.30 a.m. and we cruise around in the drizzle, my companions apologizing for the lack of action. We pass the old Tempelhof aerodrome. Near the fence stands an illuminated DC4 airplane as a monument to the glorious days of the 1948 Berlin Airlift.

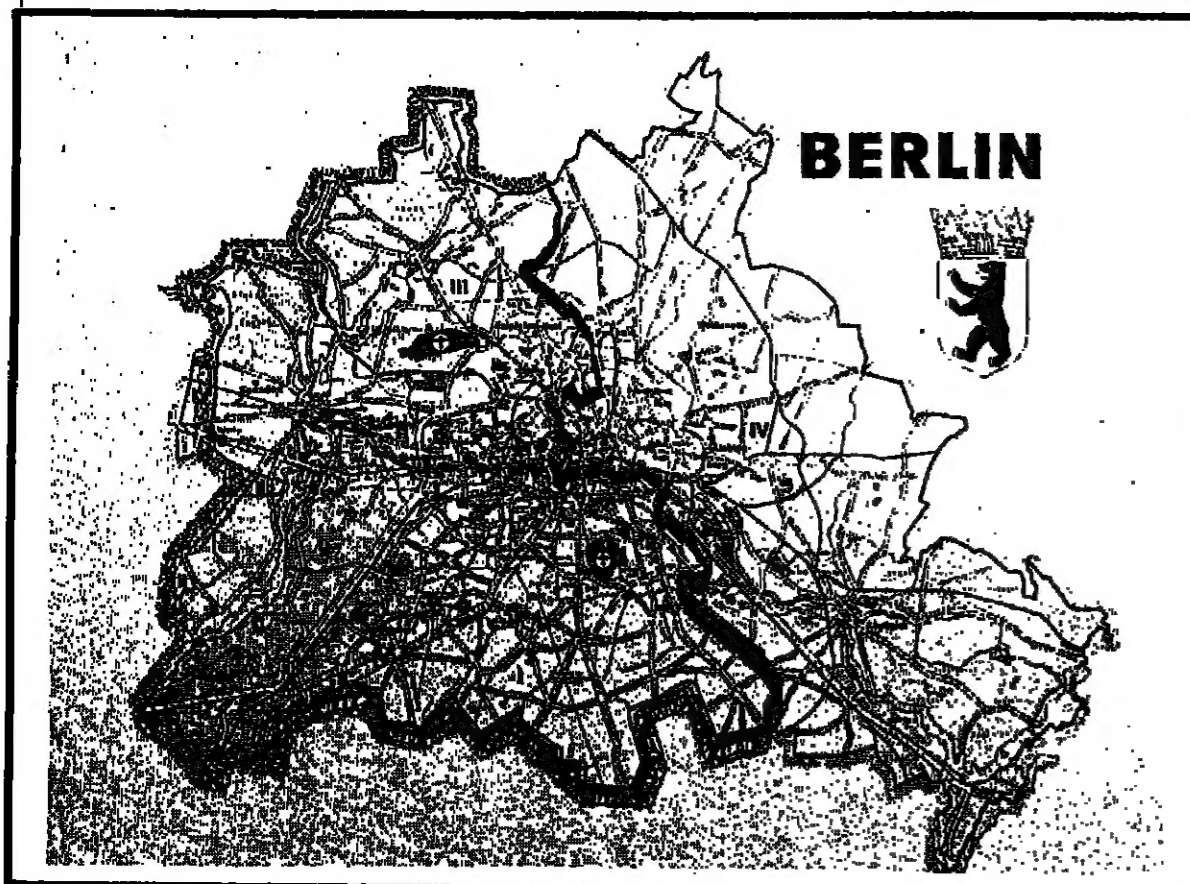
In those days, the western nations under American leadership still had the guts to face down the Russian attempt to besiege and starve the two-million plus population into submission. During those 100 memorable days the "air bridge" provided them with everything from coal to canary-seed, from sheet-iron to sausage-casing. During 277,264 flights (one every two minutes round the clock) 2.5 million tons were moved at the cost of \$224 million which was money in those days. All that is left as a memento is the "Raisin Bomber," as the Berliners affectionately and gratefully call her.

In one of Schöneberg's grimier sections, an old lady in a plastic raincoat and waterlogged slippers flags us down. From the second floor opposite, rock music is blaring away from behind boarded windows covered with notices of impending demolition and warnings to prospective squatters to keep out, threatening eviction and fines of up to DM 2000.

The old lady's crackle-voiced complaint is that because of the noise she can't sleep. "Those louts sleep all day and keep us working people awake at night. Please tell them to stop."

Ah, if it were only that simple. There are 26 blocks occupied by squatters in Berlin. The authorities are treating the problem with kid gloves, trying to avoid violent confrontation and aiming at resettlement, preferably in groups, since most of them are *ad hoc* communes of juveniles and adolescents from the punk scene (*Punker Milieu*) living mainly on unemployment pay. Many are under-age runaways and criminals, petty and not-so-petty. Their plight is explosive and investigation could open a can of fiery worms.

We radio our problem to H.Q.,



which promises to send a specialist social worker with plainclothes police protection. "Our uniforms act like red rags to a bull," says the sergeant. Or green uniforms to a punk. We calm down the old lady and sink into the night.

EXCITEMENT at last! A patrol car and two unmarked detective cars in hot pursuit of a blue BMW. At my urging we join the hunt. I suggest they put on the siren or at least the blue flashing rooftop. Once again it isn't so simple. In Berlin the police must keep a low profile and special permission is needed. Any other restrictions? Yes. No gifts, tips or alcohol. "Not even rum-bonbons." *Ordnung muss sein.*

Near Dahlem the posse comes to a halt as we surround the BMW which contains three hooligan types and a large Alsatian. The trio are frisked, then handcuffed and bundled into the patrol car. They refuse to take the dog from the BMW. As the

growing animal appears dangerous we radio for a dog-handler, who arrives hotfoot, has a short conversation with the dog which, now wagging its tail, allows the muzzle to be applied. The toughs are given the option to look after their mutt or have him taken to the dog pound. They opt for the mutt.

Nowhere have I seen the generation-gap as marked and shrill as in Germany. And not only on the campuses or at the anti-missile, anti-Nato demos. The sins of the fathers, unto the third or fourth generation.

It is almost 3 a.m. and we are called to a minor collision. An elderly gentleman with a grey, lionlike mane, the owner of a brand-new Mercedes, has had a minor side-swipe encounter with a scruffy orange VW of uncertain vintage driven by a long-haired youth in jeans and T-shirt, with two lady companions to match. The enigmatic message on the T-shirt reads "Asshole! O.K.?"

The agitated older describes the collision, referring to the young man as "this lout." (*Lümmel*). "They should be forbidden to drive cars. And look at his car, should have been scrapped years ago... This rabble (*Gesinde*) think they own the world." And more in the same vein.

The young man in a quiet, cultured voice gives his version of events from which it is clear that the driving error isn't his. Papers are inspected and found O.K.

Reconstruction of the "crime" is problematic, as the damage to the Mercedes is invisible to the naked eye and the VW is dented all over. It has stopped raining and the girls get out to stretch their legs, engaging the patrolmen in friendly banter. The elderly gent insists, with barely suppressed anger, that the young man is either drunk or high and should be tested. He does not realize that my companions also are young men, the senior of whom advises him that he

needs no advice on what to do. He observes that the Mercedes' brake light is out of order.

The VW is allowed to depart while further protocols are completed. The cops are getting a polite kick out of the old man's helpless fury. Back on the beat, the driver comments, "A car like that costs a bomb. He thinks he owns the roads."

I quote the Nazi slogan, "Today we own Germany, tomorrow the entire world." The quotation is lost on my too-young companions.

THE FINAL incident occurs at a small saloon called Marmora, where a brawl has just been terminated. Two hefty Turks, both bleeding profusely from the face and hands, broken bottles having been the chosen weapons are hanging-on to each other, locked in a desperate grip of inebriation.

"Who attacked them?" asks Karl, the patrol leader.

It seems they attacked each other, but have made up since. Leaning against the bar, they break into a wailing Turkish song, smiling into each other's bloodstained faces, from time to time wiping the blood out of their eyes. As puddles of blood form around their feet, Karl suggests getting an ambulance. The whole audience rises to object. "Keep the fuzz out," they shout.

Karl wants to know who has called us in. There are no takers. One of the protagonists puts a blood-soaked cigarette in his mouth, and half a dozen matches are offered to no avail. "Feierabend," shouts the barman, "all pay and get out." The blood-brothers make for the door and, still in a tight embrace, stagger into the night.

We head back to the *Kreiswache*. End of the ride. The crew now has to write a general report and I take my departure. The *Wachmeister* details a car of the early-morning shift to drive me to my hotel on the *Ku-Damm*, where a few supernaturated prostitutes in skin-tight gear solicit my custom. It is 6:10 in the morning and trying to snow.

THE GREEN POLICE is the inward face of national authority. The token Four-Power presence is the outward face. (To be continued)

A friend of Kafka



Schalom Ben-Chorin

MAX BROD was born on May 27, 1884 in Prague. He belonged to one of those assimilated Jewish families in Bohemia who were the carriers of German culture in what was later to become the capital of Czechoslovakia. At the time of Brod's birth, Prague was still a provincial town in the Austro-Hungarian empire whose center was Vienna. The cultural tone continued to be set by Vienna even at a later period, when the "Circle of Prague" had developed its own characteristics. The guiding light of that circle was Max Brod, according to his biographer Berndt W. Wessling.

A hundred years after Brod's birth, recognition of his importance cannot be taken for granted, because for many years his personality has been overshadowed by that of his friend, Franz Kafka. Brod recognized the genius of this friend of his student days at a time when others had no notion of the epoch-making importance of Kafka's work. It was only through Brod and actually against Kafka's will that his work was preserved and revealed to posterity.

Nobody denies this. But the professors who have made a kind of mystique out of research into Kafka constantly criticize Brod's interpretation of Kafka, and his editing of Kafka's work.

This backbiting cast a shadow over Brod's last years, and the term *Kafkaesque* became problematic for him. He rejected the "pan-tragic" interpretation of the work and personality of his friend, whose obvious pessimism he refused to accept as an

absolute. The closed circle of researchers who, in their dogmatic way, ignore the facts of Kafka's life, and sever his work from its roots, deny the Jewish element in Kafka and his clearly professed Zionism. They accuse Brod of tendentiousness, though in fact his is the faithful testimony of a friend.

THE debate about Kafka has altogether obscured the image of Max Brod, who is thought of merely as the controversial interpreter of Kafka, and not as a writer, thinker, critic and musician in his own right. It is true that some of Brod's more important novels have been reissued in the 15 years since his death. It cannot be said that Brod has been entirely forgotten. But he has his standing principally as a result of his connection with Kafka.

It is fitting, therefore, for an old friend of Brod's to mark the centenary of a man who wrote excellent novels and stories, and plays that have stood the test of many performances. His bibliography would be an extensive one, and a full knowledge of his writings would require extensive reading. He wrote 83 books; he translated from German and Czech; and he composed music also. He wrote about 10 libretti, several good poems and countless stimulating articles. (It should be recalled that Brod worked on the *Prager Tagblatt*, and later for *Der Arbeiter*, the Hebrew daily, and for *Yediot Hadashot*, the Tel Aviv German-language daily, as a music critic.)

However, the ideas embodied in his work, the thought-provoking element, have still to be given their due.

THE thought-provoking element to which I refer can be found in Brod's

philosophic and religio-philosophic writings, which are largely forgotten today. It is present also in his novels, which always expressed some aspect of their creator's philosophy. The first book I should mention in this connection is Brod's *Heldenum, Christentum, Judentum* (Paganism, Christianity, Judaism), published in 1922. Later, he brought out an abridged edition, *Das Diesseitswunder* (The Miracle of the Here and Now).

The central idea of this work is as valid and fruitful today as it was more than 60 years ago. It is based on a distinction between noble and ignoble misfortune as a criterion for the three faiths: paganism, Christianity, Judaism. In Brod's view, paganism considers every misfortune ignoble, that is, as basically remediable. Christianity, on the other hand, is "pan-tragic" and finds a divine trial in every misfortune, for the world is a vale of tears.

But Judaism distinguishes between noble and ignoble misfortune. Confronted with noble misfortune, that is, with death and the transiency of life, the Jew bows down devoutly before his God. Faced with ignoble misfortune, however, that is, with sickness, war and social injustice, he feels he should struggle.

Such a schematic presentation is certainly untenable from a religious point of view. Yet it may be a starting point for valuable insights. Brod saw Christianity as a fixed approach to salvation; Judaism he defined as embodying pluralistic approaches to God. Brod's Jewish philosophy of religion remained a philosophy of living experience (*Erlebnisphilosophie*), not essentially different from Martin Buber's *Dialogik*. What confrontation was for Buber (in the final analysis),

Brod describes as "the essential experience" (*das wesentliche Erlebnis*). In these moments of grace a man feels himself lifted above the everyday and tastes eternity.

THIS ESSENTIAL experience he connects with a "philosophy of beautiful passages," that is, highlights of philosophy, literature and music which reflect the essential experience of their author's genius, and thus communicate themselves to the contemporary world and to posterity. Through the essential experience man is brought home to himself, to a recognition of his innate potential, to a breakdown and overcoming of the causal structure which Brod places at the center of his philosophical *chef d'oeuvre*, *Diesseits und Jenseits* (In this World and the Next).

The world is characterized by the struggle of all against all. The strong destroy the weak, in nature as well as in the cosmos. But when a man is animated by love he can break down this structure; then the strong support the weak and love becomes concrete in pity. Brod admitted openly: "Of all God's messengers Eros speaks with the most powerful voice." However, in the voice of Eros there are undertones of a love that helps and saves: *Eros* and *Agape*, earthly and heavenly love. It should be noted that Hebrew (and German) also have only one word for it: *Ahava* or *Lebe*.

If God is love, then He must, in order to be perfect, also include within himself the category of suffering. This brings Brod to the definition of the suffering God, who suffers through his creatures. Working from this premise, Brod makes a faint attempt to arrive at a

theodicy. However, it was negated by the Holocaust. It shared the same fate as all those attempts, which began with Job's comforters and concluded with Leibnitz, to justify God despite the evils of this world.

Quite naturally, the idea of the suffering God does infringe on Christianity. Brod avoided, however, any blurring of the border between Judaism and Christianity.

THERE CAN be no doubt that Max Brod, as a Zionist in the Land of Israel and a citizen of Tel Aviv, was rooted in Judaism, and faithful to Israel as his country and his fate. He had at the age of 30 already written a poem called *Hebraische Lektion* (Hebrew Reading) in which he declared his loyalty to his people's language.

But he never forgot that his own writing was rooted in the German language. In regard to his relation to Germany, Brod as far back as 1934 spoke of a *Distanzliebe* - love at a certain remove. In a letter to the philosopher Hugo Bergmann, who lived in Jerusalem, Brod wrote from Prague at the beginning of the 1930s: "The fact that we do not become Hebraized is indisputable - but the life of a nation does not express itself only through the medium of language."

"For a writer and poet especially it is impossible to switch languages. Every day I notice more and more how intimately I am involved with German..." This situation did not change in Israel, although Brod learned Hebrew, even wrote articles in Hebrew and gave lectures in the language. Yet he wrote his essential works in German.

In this respect, too, as "a Jewish author writing in German," I stand with Max Brod, who achieved the only synthesis possible for us. But I don't want merely to pay tribute to the writer and thinker Max Brod. I want to talk also about the friend and the person (*Mensch*).

More than 30 years ago the humorist Hans Reimann, with whom Brod successfully adapted Jaroslav Hasek's *Schwick*, wrote in *Literazija*: "If I were standing before God's supreme tribunal, and had to say who, in my opinion, was the cleverest, noblest and most generous of men, I would without a moment's hesitation give the name of Max Brod."

Brod has a grand, humanist interpretation of the traditional idea of the *Yeshiva shel ma'ala*, the heavenly study session. The *aggada* included only the sages of Israel. But Brod included in this lofty study-circle Aristotle and his remote student, Maimonides, Plato and Kant, Spinoza and Goethe. I imagine him there, also, "the teacher who never stops learning," as Heinz Politzer described him, engaged in eternal dialogue with the masters who frustrated his thinking, from Schopenhauer through Kierkegaard to Franz Kafka and Felix Weltsch.

Hebrew does not have a word for "the beyond." It uses instead the term *Olam ha-emei*, the world of truth. It is into this world of truth that Brod conducted his readers in this world with his historical novels, which he called "the struggle for truth." His characters include Tychio Brabbi, Reuben, Galileo, The Master (Jesus), and Cicero.

Max Brod called his autobiography *Streitbares Leben* (Life of Struggle). He meant the struggle for truth. According to a statement in *Ethics of the Fathers*, any struggle for the sake of heaven has its eternal value. The lifework of Max Brod records such a struggle for the sake of truth, and as such, as lasting value.

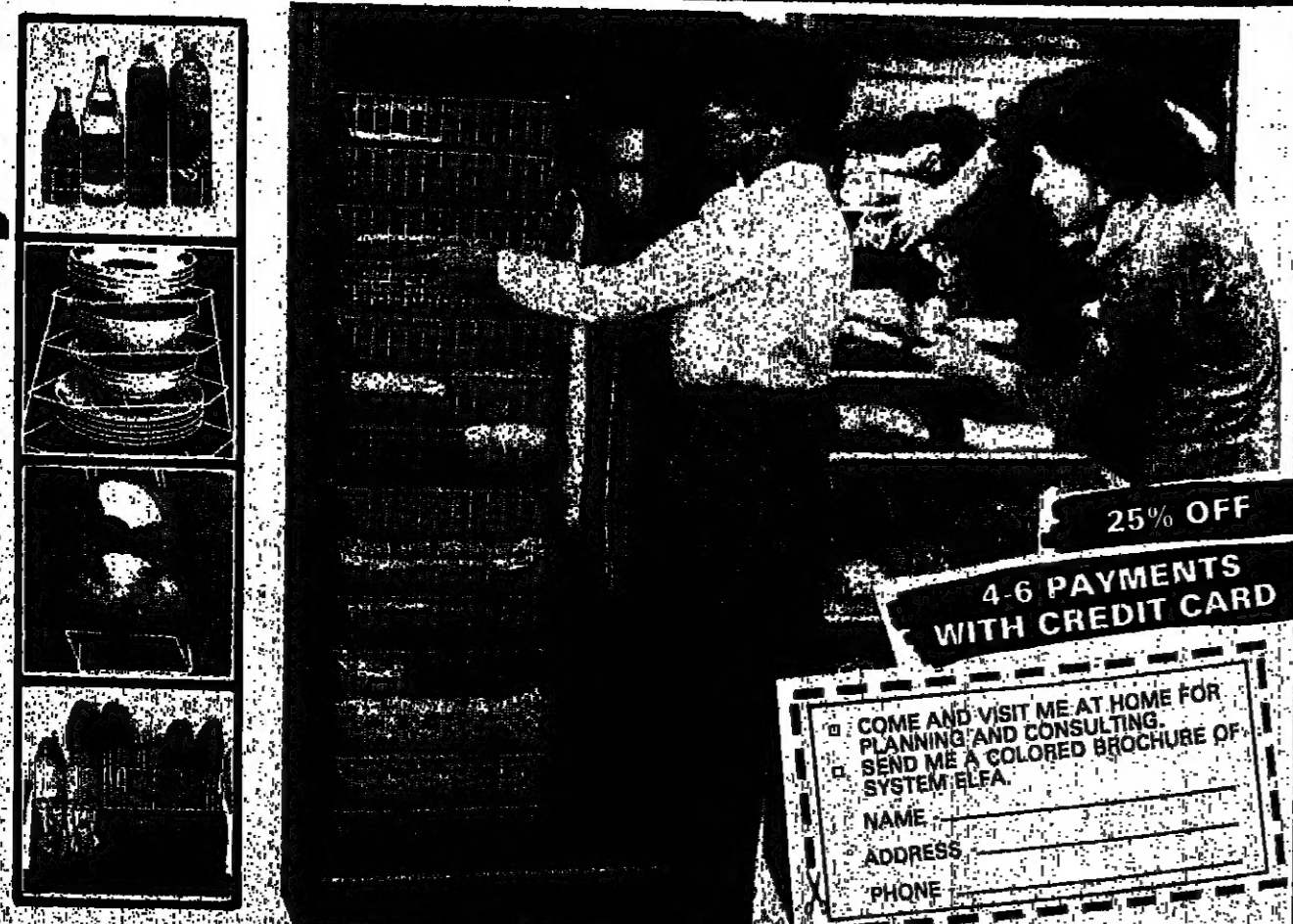
Translated by Emil Meyer

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THE PHOTO shows a man pulling a cart. His name is Nat Gutman. After working as a bank clerk for six years, Gutman was dismissed; not for embezzlement or incompetence, but for being a Jew. After two months of searching for employment, Gutman became a porter. The loads he dragged — sometimes for several miles — weighed between 45 and 90 pounds. And when no work could be found, he and his family simply starved.

The photo of Nat Gutman is one of the thousands of photographs taken by Roman Vishniac of Eastern European Jewry on the eve of the Holocaust. Some 200 of them have been reproduced in *A Vanished World*. A magnificent photographic collection enhanced by Vishniac's own commentaries and a foreword by Elie Wiesel.

Born near St. Petersburg to well-to-do parents on August 19, 1897, Vishniac was given his first camera at the age of seven. After the Russian Revolution, he and his family immigrated to Berlin, where he lived for 19 years.

Vishniac set out in 1937 on a 5,000-mile expedition to photograph the Jews of Eastern Europe. He had a movie camera, a Rolleiflex for outdoor pictures and a Leica for indoor shots.

Why did I do it? It had to be done. I felt that the world was about to be cast into the mad shadow of Nazism and that the outcome would be the annihilation of a people. Speaking in Yiddish to the people he

Vishniac's art

A VANISHED WORLD by Roman Vishniac. New York, Farrar, Straus & Giroux. London, Allen Lane. £30.

Shelley Kleiman

photographed, he listened to their stories, shared their burdens. Returning to Poland after the war, Vishniac learned that Nat Gutman and his entire family had been exterminated. "What a shock — these kind, honest people who had befriended me."

Vishniac's lenses captured the personal tragedies. In the late 1930s — before the war — an economic boycott was imposed on Poland's 3.5 m. Jews. Peddlers were turned overnight into beggars. Families were forced to move from comfortable apartments to crowded cellars. Food and money were scarce. "Fostered by the government and the Church, oppression and persecution took its ugliest forms," Vishniac writes.

DURING this period, far from exacerbating the hardships of life, the Pale's tenacious religious tradition was a source of consolation, even joy. Although Orthodox Jews did not want their pictures taken — because of the ancient injunction against graven images — Vishniac,

succeeded in capturing the "many faces of learning."

Education, for boys at least, began at a very young age. Vishniac caught with his lens a father taking his three-year-old son to *heder* for the first time. Visiting the same *heder* the next day, Vishniac found the child already getting used to his new way of life. "In the *heder*, seeds of learning were planted, and 'tradition' was continually renewed and reviewed," Vishniac writes.

At the top of the educational system was the yeshiva, which was usually attended by a select minority of talented students. Vishniac photographed many aspiring scholars.

Included in this volume are photographs of many noted Talmudic scholars of the time. Vishniac photographed also two *mekubalim* poring over a text by the light of a candle.

With the emphasis on Talmudic study for men, women often took charge of business affairs and became the breadwinners. But in Eastern Europe in the '30s there wasn't much to be made. Mrs. Shmulevich was a widow with four children. Business was never good, but with the boycott things only deteriorated. She had nothing to bring to her stand in the open-air market, yet she couldn't stay away.

"I was there," Vishniac writes, "when the tax collector came and demanded three *zlotys*, or else he would confiscate her goods. 'I don't have any merchandise.' Then I'll take your food." "I don't have bread, and the sugar tin is empty. Only salt is left, to eat it alone is too bitter."

THE ONLY smiling faces in *A Vanished World* belong to members of the Aliya Movement. Preparing to return to the Promised Land, "where they would till the soil and make the desert bloom," Vishniac writes, "these were people of peace." But "only a few members of Aliya ever reached Palestine."

Vishniac's six-year-old daughter, Mari, posed in front of a store that was selling an instrument to measure the size of human heads. "Aryans were supposed to have long, thick skulls," Vishniac explains, "and they could rent this instrument to prove their Aryanism."

In October 1938, the Nazis deported thousands of Polish Jews who had lived most or all of their lives in Germany and considered themselves loyal Germans. "They were awakened, given 10 minutes to dress and gather their belongings and then they were herded into railway cars. The trains stopped six miles short of the German-Polish border and the Jews were forcibly marched into Poland. The exiled Polish German Jews were put into filthy barracks in Zbaszyn, close to the German border. Many died of hunger and illness."

Among those incarcerated at Zbaszyn were the parents of 17-year-old Hershel Grynszpan. When the boy heard of the horrible conditions there, he decided to draw the attention of the world to the outrage. On November 7, Grynszpan killed the Third Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris. The assassination provided the Nazis with the excuse they needed for a massive assault on the German Jewish community. November 9 and 10 marked the infamous Kristallnacht.

Vishniac left Berlin late in 1939 to seek safety in Nice, before the Germans occupied all of France. He arrived in the United States in 1941 with some of his negatives; most of his work he left with his father in Clermont-Ferrand, a small town in central France. His father survived the war, in hiding. Hidden, too, were the negatives — under floorboards and behind picture frames.

THIS IS the first book that includes a comprehensive selection of Roman Vishniac's photographs. More than three-quarters of the pictures in *A Vanished World* have never been published before. In his preface Vishniac writes: "I hope that you will look at each picture with its story, and perhaps you, too, will see the world that I saw."

Vishniac draws us into this world, acquaints us with its inhabitants, and makes them speak. As he himself put it, "It is a vanished but not a vanquished world."



ROMAN VISHNIAC'S book contains some masterpieces of photography. Most of his close-ups of people embody a painterly attitude characteristic of early Steichen photographs, and of those masterly photographers working in England, Germany and Austria before World War I. They are most impressive.

My favourites are the unobserved street scenes, more particularly snowy winter days. These are masterpieces in form and content, and there's not overmuch intrusion by photographer as artist or artist as photographer.

I'm less enthusiastic about Vishniac's interior photographs, and with his narrow approach to Polish Jewry, for it represents a programmatic viewpoint and precludes documentary objectivity. This narrowness expresses itself in two ways. Firstly, Vishniac romanticizes, presents too aesthetic a view, of Orthodox Jews, and makes them, in their well-dressed and well-fed habits, appear the majority of Polish Jewry.

Secondly, in his portraits of the poverty-stricken Jewish proletariat he provides tendentious captions, which decrease the credibility not

A dissenting view

only of his words but of his photographs.

The fact is that middle-class and working-class people, most of them no longer Orthodox, constituted a very large and important part of Polish Jewry. To exclude this class almost completely, as Vishniac does, is to falsify Polish Jewry's social structure.

Most middle-class and working-class Jews didn't wear Orthodox garb. And the workers didn't look poverty-stricken. There were modern schools, social and cultural clubs, political parties, theatrical organizations, and so on. They weren't exotic-looking, and they didn't allow themselves to be pushed around. Is this why Vishniac didn't represent them in his book?

VISHNIAC was a great photographer of East European Jewry. Unfortunately, he also wrote the text and the captions. He says: "It was my determination to preserve a world that might cease to

exist." If this was his intention, why did he do nothing to show his pictures till 1947, when Schocken published his *Polish Jews*. In that book, by the way, as well as in the monograph published by Grossmann in 1974, he wrote that he had taken 2,000 photos. The number has grown to 16,000 in 1983. He writes: "These pictures were made without letting the subjects know the presence of a camera. They represent real life unposed... I hid a movie camera, a Rolleiflex for outdoor pictures and a Leica for indoor shots," and goes on to tell how he took his photos through a hole in his suitcase weighing more than 110 pounds.

But nobody can focus a lens, and set the right time, while it is hidden in a suitcase. Nobody can choose his frame so approximately: Vishniac certainly chose his frame extremely carefully. Furthermore, all photos in the book have been taken at eye-level. Did he lift the

110 pound suitcase to eye-level, unobserved, when he took his pictures? Without anyone noticing? And what about that mysterious movie camera he says he hid in his suitcase? Any film taken with it would certainly be of great documentary interest.

Next, Vishniac rehearses the old canard that Orthodox Jews don't allow their picture to be taken. Then how does it happen that the venerable Belzer Rav (p. 83) and five of his followers smile back benignly at Vishniac's camera? No less than 38 people in his book stare or smile into the camera.

AS TO HIS "unposed" photos: any amateur or professional photographer can tell, from the hard shadows and the way in which the lighting diminishes with the distance from the camera, that these photos were *not* taken unobserved. The camera probably rested on a tripod, and Vishniac must have used strong photoflood studio lamps, or flashlight. One can even measure, from the direction of the artificial shadows, the height at which the artificial lamps were held.

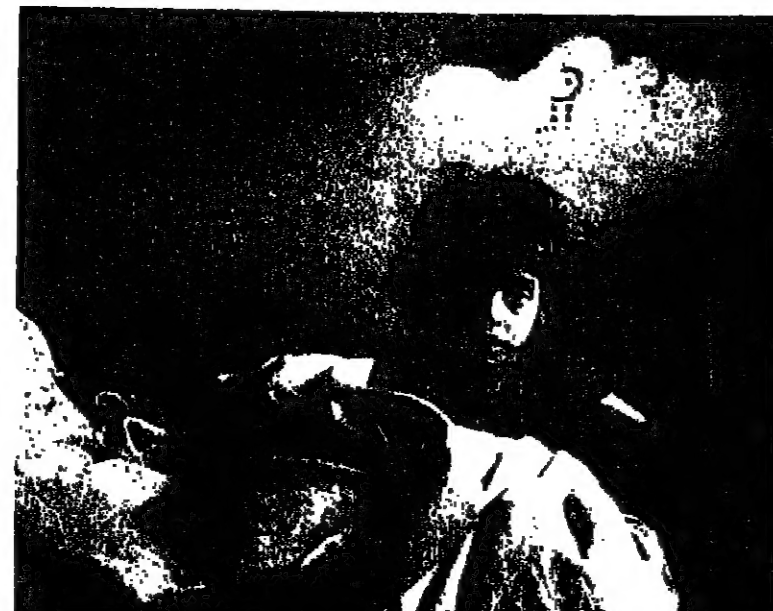
MOREOVER, some of Vishniac's

captions seem slanted or inaccurate. For instance, in his 1974 book, he notes that a man "prays in a detention camp for his dead wife and his seven dead children." His photo shows a man praying peacefully (and obviously not saying *Kaddish*, which is said standing, and in the presence of a *minyan*), clearly in a detention camp set up by the American Army after World War II. In Vishniac's new book, the same man praying becomes a refugee in the Zbaszyn camp at the end of 1938. No mention, now, of a dead wife and dead children.

On p. 175, opposite, a girl looks up from her clean and well-made camp bed, which was obviously provided by the U.S. Army in 1945. Vishniac's caption notes that the photograph was taken in the notoriously over-crowded and dirty Zbaszyn camp in October 1938.

On page 81 of the 1974 publication, the caption for a photograph of three boys is "Uzhored, USSR." The same photograph is reproduced on p. 106 of *A Vanished World*. But the caption says: City boys, Mukachevo, 1937."

These are only some of the inaccuracies I found in this book. Y.B.A.



Cheek and impudence

Alex Berlyne

"while we of the North Circular Road took anything we could lay our hands on that wasn't nailed down." The book is studded with jokes of this sort and laced with boozy songs, outrageous puns and a sense of Dublin locations. "At the cheek and impudence counter of Hugh MacCallon's shop in Dorset Street," he remembers in one story, "it was said that you paid for the pig's cheek and the impudence was thrown in for choice."

Behan worked as a house-painter before he took up the writing trade and once painted Patrick Kavanagh's ceiling "a ghastly shade of tomato red," before he fell out with the poet, or vice versa. Kavanagh later denied knowing him and was flummoxed when Behan produced a book that the poet had dedicated "to my friend Brendan Behan, poet and painter."

He seems to have had some experience in other lines of work for, in one of the stories in *After the Wake*, he tells of accompanying a hire purchase man who was attempting to repossess a car. On a previous occasion, involving a washing-machine, the same defaulter had tried to stop the hire-purchase man's tears and cheer him up by explaining that its condition "was only where I lent it to a man to mix concrete in, a neighbour was putting down a bit of path in the garden." This time, only the wife was home but she cheerfully announced that her husband would soon be back with the car and they could take it away. "He's only gone to Athlone to bring back a few pigs," she explained. "He brought down a load of coal in it to oblige the man he's buying the pigs off."

The finest epitaph on Brendan Behan was spoken during his lifetime by a drunken old woman he helped from the gutter. Dominic said in *The Irish Times*. She informed the world, "Thank God there's still one gentleman left, even if it's only a bowsey like Brendan Behan."

LIAM O'FLAHERTY'S *Shame the Devil* (Wolffhound Press) is a reissue of his autobiography, first published in 1934. O'Flaherty, who is now an octogenarian, looks back on his first

37 years with a certain amount of acerbity. The dedication ("I offer this dagger to my enemies") and the opening sentence ("Man is a born liar") set off alarm bells and my first reaction was "we've got a right one 'ere, George." But O'Flaherty writes like an angel, albeit one with a terrible temper who sprinkles "Boh!" frequently through the narrative.

Born in extreme poverty in the Aran Islands, O'Flaherty dropped out of a seminary to enlist in the Irish Guards and was badly shell-shocked at Langemarck in 1917. On his return to Ireland, only a short time after the Easter Rising was bloodily put down, he found himself regarded as "a pariah and a fool and a renegade" for having worn the hated English uniform. During the Troubles of 1922, he was one of the small army of unemployed who hoisted the Red Flag over the Rotunda in Dublin and held out against the Free State troops for some days.

"Ever since then," he says bitterly, "I have remained in the eyes of the vast majority of Irish men and women, a public menace to faith, morals and property, a communist, an atheist and a scoundrel of the worst type." He fled to England "wearing a shabby trench coat, with a revolver strapped between his shoulder blades." A visit to the Soviet Union left him disillusioned with the majority of his fellow-communists, though not with the cause, and he only found peace of mind in the France of the Popular Front years. "The only country in Western Europe at the present time where a degree of civilization is present among the mass of the population," O'Flaherty, lashing out at targets left and right, surprisingly has some kind words to say for the Jews, without whom he'd "probably be a very hungry writer. So would most writers who don't deliberately write tripe."

In Brittany he suddenly had to face a severe case of writer's block; his soul, he says, "was empty, naked and stripped bare." Eventually he made his way to a harsh island off the coast where the stoical example of his fisherman friends put him to shame, thus enabling him to write again.

O'Flaherty has been described as a poet in prose who chose the short

story as a medium. If you've read "The Pedlar's Revenge" you will agree with the description but it does exclude extremely fine novels such as his *Famine*. Yet, because of John Ford's movie version of *The Informer*, O'Flaherty is best-known to the world at large for a work he disowns. IN HIS foreword to *A View of the Irish* (Buckan & Enright, £7.95), Brian Cleeve explains that he undertook to write it "because my publisher asked me to." You can expect a bumpy ride from then on and Cleeve provides it by being alternately annoying and amusing.

"Ireland is the same as England, only different" he begins — then, contrariwise, goes on to deny the myth of the Celt. "There is as much 'Celtic blood' in Berkshire as there is in Wicklow," he declares, citing the anthropological and archeological evidence. Any differences that do exist he ascribes entirely to the Time Warp. "While England advanced faster and faster, if with unsteady gait, into the 20th century," he observes, "Ireland stayed firmly in the 19th century."

During a controversial tour d'horizon of Irish history, Cleeve typically — and maddeningly — discusses the massacre at Drogheda. In 1649 Cromwell's army put most of the defenders of the fallen city to the sword, yet a friend who has been examining the municipal records has discovered that the day before the massacre the town council was discussing street lighting. The record is blank on the day the town fell but on the very next day they continued their unfinished discussion.

Cleeve flails away impartially at British shilly-shallying over Ulster, censorship, Irish politicians and the Church. Instead of contraception, he asks, why doesn't the Church condemn drinking, cruelty to women and torture by Catholic regiments abroad? Ireland, he claims, is rusty abandoned motorcars, corrugated iron roofs and piles of rubbish. It is also, he reminds us, "a white road in Mayo with the wild flowers like coloured stars on the bog."

I wish that space permitted me to quote chunks of this extraordinarily honest book. There's room to squeeze in just one vignette. The Irish president he says, and he is not referring to Chaim Herzog, is merely a kindly figurehead. He is usually depicted with foreign ambassadors "smiling ecstatically as if he had just been told a tremendous joke in basic Chinese and had failed to get the point."

Addiction

SAMIM V'KETINIM (Drugs and Minors) by Yitzhak Yitzhaki. Papyrus, Tel Aviv University. 134 pp. No price stated.

Charles Hoffman

THIS IS AN irresponsible book about an important topic by a man with a wealth of good intentions and relevant experience.

The author has degrees in psychology and education, and has amassed experience in teaching and counselling and in other social services. In the Ninth Knesset he headed a special joint committee appointed to study the problem of drug use among minors and to recommend steps to deal with what has been confirmed as a growing problem.

Coming from someone with such credentials, this book is an immense disappointment. It reads as if it had been put together by taking random pages of testimony given before his Knesset committee, Yitzhaki's speeches on the subject and transcripts of taped counselling sessions, and then shuffling them all together.

In this jumble of fact and fancy we read contradictory figures about drug use on university campuses, conflicting opinions of nameless experts, and highly controversial statements presented as if they were cast in bronze. For example, he asserts flatly that the use of soft drugs such as marijuana and hashish automatically leads to hard drugs, without providing any medical or sociological evidence that this is indeed the case.

He mentions in passing that not all the recommendations of his Knesset committee have been implemented, but fails to follow up with a point-by-point analysis. He also fails to incorporate the results of survey research on drug use that have become available since his committee examined the problem.

With the wealth of sources and experience at his disposal, it is a shame that the author did not make more of an intellectual effort to synthesize the material, pointing out along the way where the experts differ and separating his own opinions from established fact.

How such a book could be brought out by a university publishing house is beyond me. □

A state of deadlock

THE DIVIDED HEROINE by H. M. Daleski. New York, Holmes and Meier. 160 pp. No price stated.

Aloma Halter

refuse to see the doctor until double pneumonia has set in. Their despair of life prompts them to become accessories in their own deaths.

In his introductory chapter, Daleski argues that "the single most widespread influence in Victorian society" was the Pauline belief that the spirit and the flesh were in opposition, and not to be reconciled. This Evangelical morality was so pervasive that its influence can be traced even in so-called "atheistic" writers.

Daleski has chosen lesser works (except for *Wuthering Heights*) by great writers which are somewhat in conflict with the tendency of the English novel toward a successful

resolution of conflict. Daleski invokes the Platonic figure of the two horses that represent and project the division within the chorioteer himself, by whom they are sometimes controlled, and control. Daleski shows how the personality of the divided heroine in each of the studies involves her in "a state of deadlock," and how her author depicts "not a consummation of self... but the disintegration of being."

THE PART the authors themselves play in the self-analysis is touched upon but not really developed, even though there would be some interesting parallels, such as D. H. Lawrence's contention, in his essay on "Why The Novel Matters," that: "I absolutely deny that I am a soul, or a body, or any of the rest of these bits of me... The whole is greater than the parts."

The division in George Eliot's life

would be another case in point. She lived with G. H. Lewes for twenty-four years, but could not marry him. The circumstance troubled her deeply that she was praised as a novelist but made into a social outcast by affronted Victorian society. It was probably due to her ability to work out the contradictions in her female characters that she managed to master her own elements of self-division. Yet, it is generally acknowledged that she created more brilliant and consistent portraits of characters from whom she could firmly detach and distance herself than she could achieve with a Maggie Tulliver.

Reading these six studies, one gets the impression of neat hexagons fitting into Daleski's larger pattern. At the outset it looks as if he will write about the history of a set of ideas in the English Novel, but instead we are offered a rather cautious, close textual analysis of six interesting books. There are few points at which the pattern becomes more fluid, but it seems unfair to grouch about a critic who has done so explicitly what he has set out to do. □

Herniated

AFTER nine thousand weeks on the international hardcover best-seller lists, John le Carré's *The Little Drummer Girl* is finally out in paperback (Bantam, \$3.95). The novel was originally reviewed in *The Post* on April 1, 1983, and now inflation-ridden Israelis can at last read what all the fuss was about.

The fuss, of course, was inspired by the fact that *Drummer Girl* has the temerity to treat the Israelis and the Palestinians evenhandedly. In Jewishish eyes, at least, that is tantamount to carpet-gnawing anti-Semitism.

Otherwise, this tale of how the Mossad turns Diane Keaton into a kohl-eyed mole is less inspired than le Carré's *Smiley* stories. The build-up is slow and not especially convincing, the build-down rather conventional, and the prose frequently herniated.

Still, if you're willing to suspend disbelief, the novel is entertaining. S.T.M.

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ISRAELI SOCIETY has a shadow, the army, and Israeli citizens, at least the male Jewish ones, have a shadow identity: their military ranks and professions. Very often the memories of experiences which took place in the shadow of the army have only a tenuous connection with the experiences of normal civilian life.

Armies, I am convinced, after my own relatively modest military experience, are extraordinarily dull institutions. Time is mostly devoted to routine and uninspiring activities: waiting for other people to show up with vehicles and equipment, maintaining vehicles and equipment, standing watch or patrolling, waiting to stand watch or patrol, waiting for people to relieve you, and sleeping. Occasionally moments of peril and drama explode in the mist of that colossal boredom. But often in those moments somebody you like gets hurt or worse, and you are too exhausted to appreciate what you're going through.

THIS BOOK explores the tedious shadow of military service. It takes the form of a journal written by a paratrooper reserve officer during October and November, 1973. The narrator and his soldiers sit out the most violent part of the war on the banks of the Jordan, waiting for action that didn't come their way, and then they are sent to the African side of the Suez Canal to help occupy it shortly before the cease-fire. Thus the foreground is deceptively calm, a company of soldiers digging in and preparing themselves for possible attack, seeing almost no action at all themselves, but aware that one of Israel's fiercest wars has just been fought, frustrated at not having played an active role, and relieved that they did not incur the losses that such an active role would have entailed.

The central figures of the book are the narrator, Yair Ullman, and another young officer, Eri Pollack, who has flown back specially from London so as not to miss out on the war, and who chanced to be attached to Ullman's company, as a "guest." Pollack and Ullman had

SEFER HAIYAYIM, SEFER HANETIM (The Book of the Living, the Book of the Dead) by Moshe Oren. Tel Aviv Kiureit, 221 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

known each other fairly well in the past, lost touch with each other, and are sort of glad to be thrown together again. Ullman finds Pollack highly enigmatic, a man who has made unexpected and unexplained decisions about his life, and Pollack wants to tell Ullman certain things that happened to him, although not the things that Ullman (and the reader) would like to know. While on watch in his fox hole at night, against the novel's present — the routine of maintaining a military outpost across from an Egyptian commando unit with all the tension and danger that implies, the catastrophic human losses of the Yom Kippur war, and one or two dramatic incidents — Pollack tells Ullman stories about his growth as an officer. He uses the disorienting distance between ordinary civilian life and the flat routine of the army to gain and share perspective on himself.

POLLACK'S STORIES give us access to a small and otherwise closed world: the elite officer corps of Israel's best infantry troops. Since I am an immigrant I probably knew fewer of those officer types than the average Israeli, but I doubt that anyone really knows them well except their families and other officers. What is most striking about these people as they appear in this book, which is convincingly realistic, is their emotional flatness. Even intelligent and relatively cultivated Israelis cannot put themselves in anyone else's place, not in the place of a new immigrant, and certainly not in the place of someone who belongs to another ethnic group or holds different religious convictions (whether Jewish or non-Jewish). Israeli culture simply does not encourage that kind of imaginative flexibility. One of the stories Pollack tells,

with a melodramatic intensity entirely inappropriate to its content, is his discovery, while he was in charge of a group of new recruits, that a soldier of his was married and expecting a child. It had never occurred to Pollack that his soldiers were human beings with lives of their own. The obvious lesson to be drawn from that extraordinary insight is that it pays to know the men you are commanding, but Pollack tells several other stories about later incidents in which he dismisses the men under him as so many faces without names — he didn't learn his own lesson.

POLLACK AND ULLMAN admire silent, calm, undemonstrative behavior. Ullman is furious with and intolerant of soldiers who admit to being afraid. His relations with his men are rather distant, as befits an officer, but with his fellow officers he is also standoffish and competitive. Gorali, Ullman's direct superior, is portrayed as both a jerk and a bad officer, and we feel a constant undertone of tense hostility between him and Ullman, but the reason for it is not explained until the end, as is the case with many elements of this novel. The author expects us to understand things that need to be explained better — another typical Israeli trait.

AT FIRST I was tempted to close this book and return it to my editor. Moshe Oren's prose is undistinguished and ridden with clichés (for example, whenever coffee is mentioned, it is called, "the hot brew"). The dialogue is also rather unconvincing. For example, the characters, who seldom are developed beyond being given a name and a vague physical description, are constantly saying *lekol ha-rakhot* something one hears as often in spoken Hebrew as one hears "Great Caesar's Ghost" in English.

Perhaps the author, a journalist and the assistant director of the Ministry of Defence Publishing House, is too closely bound to the limitations and concomitant strengths of the men he is writing about. In the end I am glad I persisted and read the whole book. The second half is more interesting than the first, and it showed me aspects of Israeli life that I could never find out about otherwise. A sequel is in the works, and I am curious enough about Pollack to hope that it comes my way.

Chinatown beat

CAPTAIN ARTHUR POWERS is the New York cop who pits his wits against the Chinese Mafia's kingpin in Robert Daley's latest crime novel, *Year of the Dragon*. Daley served for one year as a New York City Deputy Police Commissioner. This was a perfect set-up for an undercover novelist. Daley's knowledge of Police Headquarters is reflected in a novel that overflows with inside information on how the big decisions get made.

Captain Powers, is the supremely capable loner, the cop who'll never fit, the man who locks horns with the bureaucrats on a daily basis. He is given a chance to command the New York precinct that includes crime-infested Chinatown within its borders. Powers learns of the multi-million dollar drug empire controlled by the "Mayor of Chinatown," Jimmy Koy, and vows to put the scumbag away for keeps. "Powers, brooding, thought of Koy as the lord of a fortified encampment. Not only did he rape and brutalize his

YEAR OF THE DRAGON by Robert Daley. London, Coronet, 425 pp. £2.25.

Richard Penniman

own subjects within, he also manufactured poison in there, and sent it outside to contaminate the wells for miles around."

While pursuing the sinister Koy, Powers manages to squeeze in a tempestuous affair (the main subplot) with the aggressively alluring, TV anchor-person, Carol Cone (not the Jewfish, who wields more clout than the captain and makes five times the money. "Accompanied by Carol Cone, he approached as close to ecstasy as it is given man to get. His life became huge. He soared naked over the polar icecap, plunged into the warm waters of the Gulf. He could go anywhere, he could see God. He was stunned by the power of his love for this woman, who had made such rapture possible, who

had given him this unending night. He would never let her go. He would build another room on the palace and install her there. Eleanor (his wife of twenty-three years) would understand."

Powers' love for this famous woman jeopardizes his marriage. It also threatens his career because Carol Cone uses information culled in the privacy of the boudoir to compromise Powers' investigation of Jimmy Koy.

I could offer further sub-plots concerning vicious youth gangs and Jimmy Koy's extra wife. I could chart the progress of Powers, Cone and Koy from New York to Hong Kong and back. I could but I won't because Robert Daley's *Year of the Dragon* breathes less fire than a Ronson lighter. This time the guy wearing the black hat speaks of Chinese instead of Italian or Harlem-jive, but the plot machinations are as familiar as your uncle Harry's denture breath and every bit as stale.

Daley has interesting facts about the Chinese-Americans, but one usually buys this genre of novel for the thrill of the ride and not as a text book.

CONSUMER advisers, myself included, tell the public to prefer products which carry a *tav teken*, the emblem of the Standards Institute of Israel. This body was recognized by the Standards Law of 1953 as the authority for establishing product standards and testing local imported goods accordingly.

Recently, however, I have had occasion to question the soundness of my own advice. One example is my own household's solar-heating equipment. We felt it was not giving an adequate quantity of hot water, certainly not as much as when new, four years ago — and the collector plates carry an eight-year guarantee. We had been careful to select a brand which carried the *tav teken* although this meant buying a system from a major firm which was more expensive than those smaller companies.

During our protracted controversy with the manufacturer, the Consumer Council suggested I make use of the Standards Institute's public service of checking approved products suspected of being faulty. It works this way: if a product carries a *tav teken*, the Institute is supposed to test it on request. If a fault is found, in contravention of the standard, the test will be paid for either by the manufacturer or the Institute itself. If no fault is discovered, the consumer must pay for the test. When the product is portable, the householder must get it to the Institute labs, which are mainly in Tel Aviv. Otherwise, the testers are supposed to come to the home.

However, when we called about the solar system, we met considerable reluctance even to consider our request for on-the-spot testing. We were reminded that the product is four years old — never mind that the guarantee is for eight. Then, we were told, while the collector plates had a *tav teken*, the firm's 200-litre tank didn't. Besides, the *teken* did not cover installation, only the collectors, and there was no telling where the fault might lie.

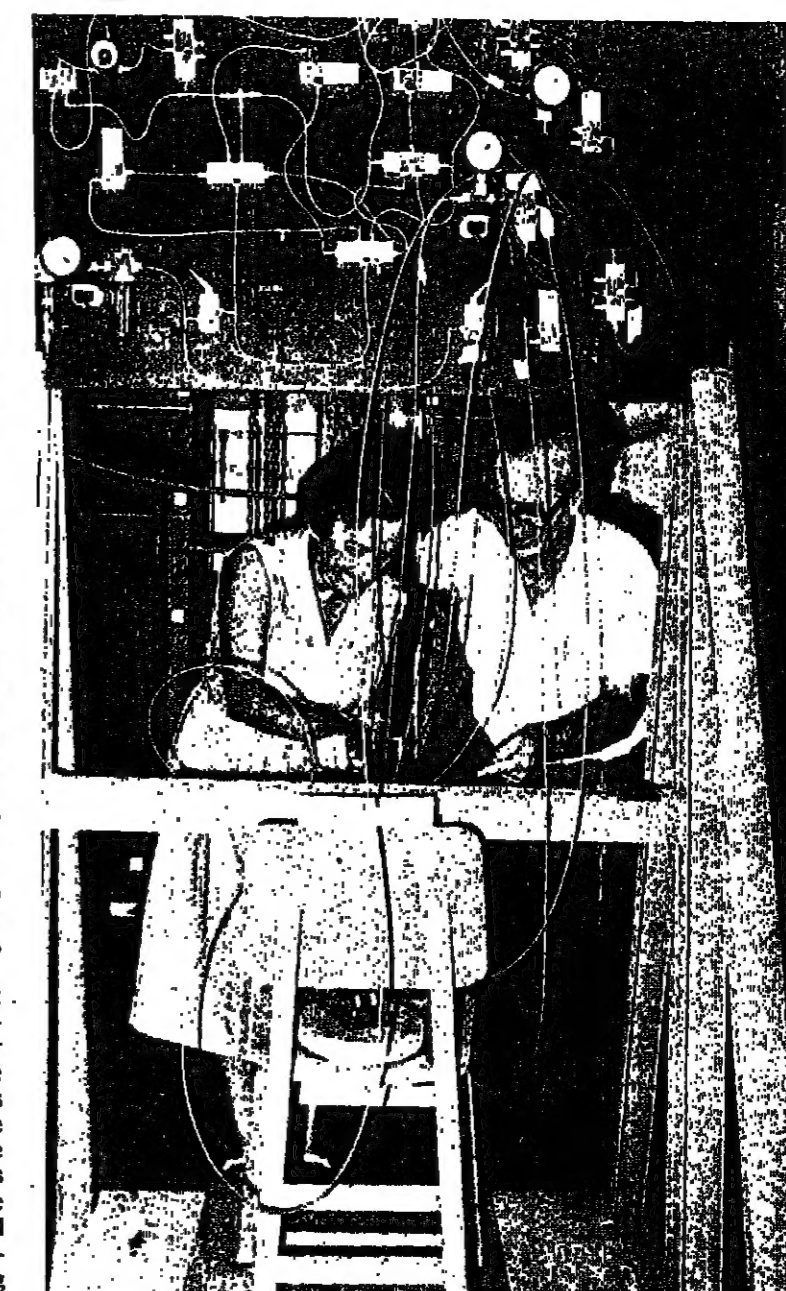
Meanwhile, we have convinced the manufacturer that our claim is justified, and have worked out a satisfactory arrangement for replacing the collector plates. But had we not, my husband would still be insisting that we would have been better off with a cheaper brand which, had it proved defective, would represent less of a financial loss. What good is a *tav teken* if it has no real backing from the Institute in time of need, he asks. If there were no such thing as standards, the rule would be *caveat emptor* — let the buyer beware. As things are, he argues, the consumer has an illusion of protection, but no reality. Isn't it worse?

AS A RESULT of my husband's criticism, I began looking into the whole matter of Standards Institute approval and the protection it provides. At the Histadrut's Consumer Protection Authority, I encountered another example of what can happen despite Institute supervision, and this shook my faith even more, because the question of safety was involved.

Ruth Kringle is the authority's director of quality and standards of products, and thus sits on Standards Institute committees. One day, her sister phoned her about a near-disaster with an approved gas-electric cooking stove. (The standard for this category of product is a compulsory one: both local and imported models must display a *tav teken*.)

What had happened was that Kringle's brother-in-law had turned on the electric ignition device built into the knob on a gas burner, but

Up to standard



Miriam Müller and Dov Ben-Meir in the Standards Institute laboratory.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

the gas did not ignite. When her 11-year-old niece smelled gas and rushed into the kitchen to turn off the knob, the gas caught fire. Fortunately, the flames ran towards the floor, and no one was hurt.

The escaping gas ignited because, when the knob was turned off, sparks were emitted from the electric ignition. In other words, in this type of electric ignition, sparks may be produced not only when turning on the gas, but also when shutting it off.

Ruth Kringle quickly informed the Standards Institute of the accident. To its credit, the Institute acted quickly as well. It admitted that it had overlooked the possible danger in approving stoves with this type of ignition — a system which became popular in Europe only in recent years and is still approved for use in some countries there. It is no longer approved here.

The first thing the Institute did was send out a letter to all manufacturers and importers of cooking stoves, informing them that the relevant standard would shortly be revised to ban any electric ignition device which might emit a spark. It advised them not to produce or order any more models of this type, as they would not be cleared for distribution.

The Standards Institute tells me that, to the best of its knowledge, the manufacturers and importers res-

ponded positively to the request when they received the letter. This was in February, and simultaneously, the appropriate committee set about preparing a revision to Standard 907, for gas stoves, and 1047, for combined gas-electric stoves. It was done with more than usual haste, I am told, and was approved by the end of March, but has not yet been formally published. The revision specifically states that "not a single spark shall be produced from an electric ignition when the gas tap is being closed."

There is another type of electric ignition which is safer, because the ignition works separately, and not via the gas taps. This type is still permissible, and most brands on the market use it.

WHAT THE STANDARDS Institute did not do was to order manufacturers or importers to halt distribution of the more dangerous type immediately. Nor did it recall any such models from shops or warehouses. Nor did it issue a public warning to people who may have such models in their homes, or order manufacturers or importers to do so.

The Institute refused to supply me with names of those brands which employed the potentially dangerous ignition system, on grounds of professional secrecy.

On the contrary, the Institute's director-general, Miriam Müller,

ment for several years on its imported free-standing, 60cm. x 60cm. gas-electric stove, the Pe'er DL-60 from Italy. It was also optional equipment, only occasionally requested, on the smaller, locally-made Pe'er 747.

Electra marketing manager Haim Shulman admitted that there are thousands of such Pe'er stoves in use in Israeli homes, sold either by Electra over the past three years, or before that by the Ron-Nur company, which used to own the local Pe'er factory and import the Italian-made Pe'er.

Shulman is quick to point out that many Western European countries continue to permit the electric ignition via the gas knobs, which they consider a technological advance. But he assured me that Electra Israel complied promptly and without protest to the new, stricter instructions from the Standards Institute. The firm halted distribution of stoves carrying this type of ignition, and carried out a costly conversion operation on those still in its possession, providing them with a separate ignition device. In other words, it requires two hands to light the stove — one to switch on the gas, the other to activate a spark.

In the few cases, only five in number, in which owners of Electra Pe'er stoves have approached Electra since the news broke a few months ago, Electra has converted these at the company's expense. Shulman says it will continue to do so for customers who ask for its aid.

On the other hand, Electra has not publicized the matter or sought out all owners of Pe'er stoves, including those sold previously by Ron-Nur. Shulman says this would be "mission impossible." I suppose one cannot fault a private business for failing to take such expensive and embarrassing steps unless some government authority required it.

PERSONALLY, I fault the Ministry of Industry and Trade for failing to issue a public warning that people may have a time-bomb in their kitchens. From what I have been told, this is not the job of the Standards Institute, which acted swiftly and firmly to prevent the future import and manufacture of such a device.

Only the ministry could decide if more stringent action is called for to ferret out such models still in shops or perhaps require producers and importers to recall stoves from owners for safety adaptation.

The latter is the trickiest from the legal standpoint, because these stoves were duly approved by the Standards Institute under previously valid standards.

One lesson from the incidents I have recounted in this article is that Standards Institute approval, however desirable, cannot be taken as an absolutely foolproof guarantee of the quality or even the safety of consumer goods. New advances in technology as in medicine, may render an approved standard obsolete. Or the standard itself may be sound, but faults in production can slip through inspection.

It was Miriam Müller of the Standards Institute who told me that "there is no better system in the world than one like ours of standards and inspections — but no system can be 100 per cent perfect."

To some readers, as so my husband, the above lesson may indeed cast doubts on the value of the whole system of standards' approvals. Many others, however — and I must include myself in this category — will continue to look for the *tav teken* on consumer goods and be grateful that some system of safety and quality control exists, even if imperfect at times.